

THE AMERICAN Greatest Circulation in the World WEEKLY

"The Nation's Reading Habit"

Magazine Section of the Modern Sunday Afternoon
Entered as Second-Class Matter, October 3, 1911, by the United States of America at
New York, N.Y., Post Office No. 363, under special rate of postage provided for in
Act of October 3, 1917, authorized on July 16, 1925, and extended July 16, 1928.
Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in Act of October 3, 1917,
authorized on July 16, 1925, and extended July 16, 1928.
Postage paid at New York, N.Y., and at additional mailing offices.
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Sunday, July 25, 1937



Our Caveman Ancestors

*Dramatic Paintings of the
Life of Prehistoric Man
by Charles R. Knight
Distinguished Artist-Scientist*

THE FEROCIOUS CAVE-BEAR

A SERIES of pictures revealing the life and times of the Neanderthal prehistoric man by Charles R. Knight, the world's foremost expert in this kind of art, begins on this page of The American Weekly today.

This distinguished artist has made paintings and models of prehistoric men and animals for the United States Government, the American Museum of Natural History in New York, the Field Museum of Chicago, the Los Angeles Museum and other famous

(Continued on Next Page)

Interesting Experiments in Hypnotism at the London Zoo



An Alligator Goes Off Into an Apparent Trance When Stroked Like This, and This Faculty for Being Induced to Sleep Is Closely Associated with Hypnotism, According to the Zoo Experts.

ALIGATORS, loads chimpanzees and even brook trout have been put to sleep by hypnotism. Obeying the noisy animals can be quieted down in a few minutes by tickling, stroking or making a few passes with the hand in an odd time magazine, according to Dr. Burgess Barrett, curator of reptiles at the London Zoo.

Putting animals into a trance-like state is just as delicate as hypnotizing human beings, because they are just as liable to stay that way unless an experienced practitioner is handy to wake them up. Recently Dr. Thomas of Vienna successfully hypnotized Peter, a chimpanzee at the Zoo. He put the animal into a deep and refreshing sleep, using the same methods ordinarily used on human beings. He induced it to look at some bright object and then made passes in front of it. Peter's eyes soon closed and the animal fell asleep.

Because Peter belongs to a type of animal fairly high in intelligence, his trance was similar to that of human beings. But psychologists have never been able to explain how animals on a lower scale



Stroking a Toad's Stomach to Induce Sleep Is Also Effective. The Operator Is Shown Sending the Subject Into a Trance.

And Below, You See the Result. Mr. Toad Is Fast Asleep, and Will Remain in That State Almost Indefinitely, Until Awakened.



The well-known faraway trick of "hypnotizing" a hen by holding its beak to a chainlink on the floor be-

longs to the category and cannot be explained.

At the Zoo alligators are regularly put to sleep for the measurement of visitors. A keeper grips the jaws of a five or six foot alligator to prevent it biting, and turns it on its back. Then he kneels across it and strokes it in rhythm along its under-

derneath, making a hissing noise. Usually there is a short tussle, for the alligator tries to right itself. Presently the reptile becomes limp and apparently unconscious. It lies spread-eagled on the ground. After a few minutes a gentle kick in the ribs will send it scurrying into the pool.

Frogs and toads can be dealt with in the same way. The subject is held upside down in the palm of the hand and gently stroked with one finger. The animal goes into a deep sleep. If it is roughly handled it will wake up, but the sleep lasts long enough to put a dozen frogs to sleep. According to Dr. Barrett, frogs have been put into unnatural positions and attitudes which closely resemble a cataplectic condition caused by strychnine poisoning.

Some of these trance-like states resemble the "freezing" of animals when danger threatens them. "Freezing" is a kind of self-hypnosis which makes some birds, like the curlew, lie still for hours, camouflaging themselves in the grass or in the snow. Crocodiles and alligators also will be dormant for hours.

Snakes are probably the most easily hypnotizable animals but according to Dr. Barrett, "snake-charming" has nothing to do with the mouse that the "charmer" plays. The same swaying movement that lures snakes out of their holes by playing a lulling tune can be induced by merely swaying the body to and fro. The snake will follow the movement and imitate it. It will also sway to keep its balance. Scientific research has proven that cobras respond to hypnotic treatment much more readily than other snakes. Most European snakes cannot be put to sleep at all. Cobras will make a very striking attitude for a long time without actually striking. If the snake charmers can get the cobra to stand erect, as though it were going to strike, they can keep it there by swaying to and fro.

First Human Word Turkish?

"AAAA" was probably the first word pronounced by a human being and Turkish was the world's first language, according to philologists of the Turkish Linguistic Society, meeting recently at Istanbul.

The language students have formulated what is known as the "Sun Language Theory," which holds that the sun made the first and greatest impression upon the first man. He was alarmed by its brightness and in time he began to worship the sun. But his speech organs were not developed and he did not understand how to form different sounds with his tongue and lips. The theory states that the animal-man of prehistoric times was only able to use his voice muscles in a vibratory movement, keeping his mouth wide open. The sound resulting from such a position is a long "a," similar to the cry of an infant. A sound becomes a word when it has meaning and can be provoked by the same object time after time.

After careful study the linguists concluded that only the pronunciation of the sun was great enough to invoke a feeling which would become the first word of early man. "Aaaa" in Turkish means "sun" and is the "mother-syllable" or first principle of the Turkish language. They found that this syllable was the first in the language and has always been used to mean "the sun." Since that elementary sound is still part of the Turkish language, the linguists conclude that Turkish is probably the oldest tongue. It is the only language which uses the most elementary sound to describe what was once the first object to arouse man's wonder. They found, too, that of all languages, Turkish has undergone the fewest changes and may, therefore, have been the foundation tongue for all the other languages of the world.

If this theory should be verified, new support would be given to the view that the cradle of mankind stood in the mountains of Central Asia.

Wooden House That Can't Be Burned



THIS structure at Lamar, Colorado, technically violates the law against wooden buildings, but no law is invoked because the wood is petrified, as equivalent to stone. Being fireproof, it makes an ideal gas station.

Most wooden buildings are such dangerous fire hazards to business districts that many towns and

cities have passed laws forbidding anyone to build them. When W. G. Brown decided to put up a filling station, he went to a point 30 miles south of Lamar where there was a whole forest of petrified wood, as fireproof as stone. This "timber" is 175 million years old, and floor, walls and ceiling weigh 90,000 pounds.

Our Caveman Ancestors

(Continued from Front Page)

institutions. Many readers of The American Weekly have seen Mr. Knight's paintings in the museums and scientific books.

Mr. Knight's studies and association with experts of these institutions have made him an authoritative master of every detail he draws in his pictures. He knows just when and where prehistoric man lived and what animals were his contemporaries at various epochs.

Mr. Knight's paintings are not only entertaining, but scientifically accurate and highly informative. When the reader sees early man hunting or being hunted by the sabre-toothed tiger, the cave-dweller, the cave-bear, the cave-wolf, the woolly rhinoceros, or any other extinct animal, he may feel sure that this monster really lived at the same time as this type of prehistoric man. Every detail is scientifically accurate. Mr. Knight has applied his calipers to the fossil remains of the man and the sabre-toothed tiger or other animal and preserved their exact measurements faithfully in his paintings.

But the pictures are not merely scientifically and artistically correct. They vividly show men and animals as if alive. It was a weakness of scientific reconstruction of extinct animals at one time that they had little resemblance to life. It has been an important part of Mr. Knight's scientific drawings to correct this.

He started with conventional artistic training, and for a long time devoted himself mainly to drawing animals and country scenes. Over forty years ago Professor Henry Fairfield Osborn, then the distinguished head of the American Museum of Natural History, asked him if he could make a lifelike picture of a prehistoric animal from the fossilized skeleton. The artist undertook the task and the result was approved by the scientist.

Ever since then Mr. Knight has been making pictures and models of the life of the ancient world. Several of his paintings in The American Weekly are

now on display at the American Museum of Natural History. They show the life of the Neanderthal man, the life of the prehistoric man of other ages.

The artist has made himself thoroughly familiar with prehistoric cave life. After the Abbe Breuil, of France, the world's greatest authority on prehistoric artefacts, (some hand-made weapons and tools), had called attention to the importance of the caves of Lascaux in France, and Altamira, in Spain, Mr. Knight, commissioned by the Field Museum of Chicago, made a visit, lasting many weeks, to these centers of prehistoric life in company with the Abbe. Having absorbed the Abbe's ideas, he made a second inspection by himself.

The artist was also present at the first exhibition by Dr. Dubois, the Dutch scientist, of the Pithecanthropus of Java, the creature that was barely human and whose remains were discovered by the Dutch scientist in 1891. The artist was with him for thirty years. On the front page of The American Weekly today is shown the first of the series of authentic reconstructions of the life, the habits and tragedies of our prehistoric ancestors painted by Mr. Knight, the world's greatest art authority on this subject.

The painting reproduced today shows three prehistoric men of the Neanderthal type heavily attacking a gigantic cave-bear. Such a bear measured about nine feet when standing and weighed about 1,200 pounds, although armed with less formidable claws than a big modern bear. The bear loved the shelter of the cave, and the men wanted it, too, so they attacked the animal. Then they sought to kill the bear, whose coat the value of these men are armed with nothing more deadly than stone-pointed spears, and one of them is throwing a rock at the huge beast. They have no axes, no bows and arrows, no weapons that could be effective at a considerable distance. It was only in a later age that the stone-hatchet was invented.

Next Sunday Mr. Knight will portray a prehistoric domestic tragedy, a domestic quarrel which in fact his wife killed by a cave-bear.

Canned Blood for Transfusions

WHEN a doctor needs a special type of blood for a transfusion it is sometimes difficult for him to find exactly the type he may require. This is because there are four groups of blood and each patient may need a different one. Russian doctors have recently hit on a way of "canning" blood until they can use it.

The fluid is obtained from healthy donors or from people who have been killed in accidents. Dried blood or blood from unhealthy or sick people is never used. The blood is preserved in the sodium nitrate to prevent clotting and at a temperature just above the freezing point of water, 32 degrees Fahrenheit. It can be kept on ice in this "canned" state for a period of from three to four weeks before it begins to be destroyed by bacteria.

Most hospitals keep a list of blood donors who are on call for an emergency, but even if they live next door to the hospital, it takes time for them to get to the patient's bedside. Often a few minutes may mean the life of a patient. With canned blood there is no delay. It is always on tap in the hospital refrigerator and can be rushed to a patient in a few seconds. There is enough blood stored in glass flasks at the Surgical Institute in Moscow to supply the emergency needs of the country.

According to Dr. Martin P. Crane of the University of Pennsylvania Medical School, who has recently returned from Russia, surgeons in the Soviet have performed 1,500 such transfusions and all, except a very few, were successful. The credit for this pioneer work in blood preservation goes to Dr. S. S. Yudin, of the Moscow Surgical Institute.

Soviet doctors have used the same idea of "canning" in various other fields. Eyes have been taken from dead bodies and kept in a refrigerator at freezing temperature. The cornea from these good eyes are then grafted by surgeons onto the eyes of those suffering from cataracts, after the cataracts have been removed. During the past year more than 100 dead eyes have been kept until needed, with the grafting operation performed successfully in each case.

Art A Hep to Surgeon's Nerves

THE surgical instruments of Dr. Carleton Doederer, Miami surgeon, are not all useful for operating. His hobby is modeling and he has a studio next to the operating room in the hospital to which he goes after a nerve-racking, delicate operation. Working on something inanimate like wood or clay helps the doctor to relax after treating human beings. He uses his old surgical instruments to carve into shape and cut with because he

used to handling them and he says they give him better results. Modeling, he feels, gives him practice in carving delicately for he always strives to get an accurate likeness of his subject. He likes to make busts and statues of living people because his knowledge of anatomy has already prepared him to shape the contours and intricacies of the human form.

The photograph was taken after he had successfully completed a difficult operation. He is shown putting the finishing touches on a clay statue of Dr. Doederer, the baseball pitcher, which Dr. Doederer's friends declare is a faithful likeness.



Dr. Carleton Doederer, Miami Surgeon, Relaxing After an Operation by Turning to Sculpture in the Room Next to His Office. At the Right is a Sample of His Work.

Pigs and Cows Sent Her to College

PRETTY blonde Margaret Rasmussen wanted to go to college with the rest of her friends, but times were hard in Hillrose, Colorado, where she lived, and she couldn't afford it. Her pig grades were good in high school and when she graduated she was awarded a \$75 prize. She didn't put this money in the bank, but went to the market and bought two prize pigs. She gave the porkers careful attention and finally sold them at a profit sufficient to pay her first year's tuition at college.

The following year Margaret stayed out of college and taught school. She was able to earn enough money from her pay to buy several hogs. She sold them at a profit and used the money to go to college for the second year. She continued to breed, buy and sell the choice cattle until she had a herd of 50 head. When ever she needed money at college she would sell one of the animals. After she graduated she planned to continue her cattle business, although she had a job teaching.



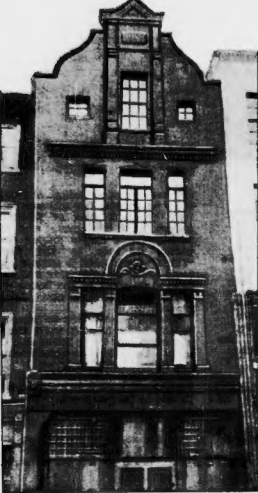
Margaret Rasmussen, 23, of Hillrose, Colorado, who as a "Cattlemen's Daughter" Plans to Take Care of Her College Education.

"I've a real affection for my herd," she says. "I prefer a good Here-

"Red Max's" Murder and the Clue of the Broken Glass

The Glittering Splinter in the Gutter of the London Street and How, Led by It in True Fiction Detective Story Fashion, the Scotland Yard Detectives Uncovered the Murderer

Leaning Over, the London Police Sergeant Picked Up a Splinter of Glass, Puzzled Over It, and Carried It to Headquarters.



The Apartment House on Little Newport Street, London, on the Third Floor of Which "Red Max" Was Killed After He Had Sent the Broken Glass Spinning Out Into the Street.

WHAT might have been a "perfect" crime was solved and a murderer convicted in Paris, all because a policeman in London wondered about a splinter of glass lying in the gutter of a street on his beat. Police Constable George Downey was slowly making his first morning round when his eye caught a glimmer in the street which proved to be only a small piece of ordinary window glass. The policeman had seen bits of broken window panes in the street often enough and unless there seemed some chance that someone might cut a foot on them, had taken no action about it. But this was different. It was on Little Newport Street where they do not have window glass in the street because nobody breaks windows. This does not mean that Little Newport, not far from Soho, is a specially respectable street. In fact it is very much the opposite, which is the reason it is so quiet and the glaziers never get any work there.

The street is largely occupied by women, whose occupation will not stand investigation. Any boisterous behavior, particularly the smashing of a window, brings such an investigation, followed by the banishment of any women on the premises from London, their most profitable field. A hasty glance showed no broken panes to the policeman but further along he spied one or two more shivers, all like the first, placed tidily against the curb where they would do no harm.

The ground floors of these houses are small stores and constables Downey asked several shopkeepers if they knew where the glass came from. They did not know and, having troubles and problems of their own, did not care. But the policeman was persistent, finally getting hold of the man who, among other things, swept the sidewalk. He had found the glass there early in the morning and swept it into the gutter so nobody could cut himself and use somebody else.

Looking up from the spot where the glass had been found the constable saw that part of a pane in a window on the third floor was missing. He had overlooked it before, because it was some distance above the street and not conspicuous. There was no answer to his knock at the door of the apartment behind the broken pane but the sweeper informed him that it was occupied by a woman named Mrs. Naylor, whom he described as a "sailor's bride." Most of the women on that street were "sailor's brides," as the officer knew.

One of the neighboring "barbers" informed him that the radio had been making very loud the previous evening and that somebody had told her he

Suzanne Bertzon, Friend and Confidante of Vernon, the Murderer, in Whose Apartment "Red Max" Was Killed.

had heard what sounded like three pistol shots, but probably it was part of the radio sketch. It was some time later that she herself had heard a window break, but that had been all.

Yet those two men held the only clue to a distant murder mystery which Scotland Yard probably never would have unravelled without them.

Presently all England read that the body of an unidentified man, riddled with bullets, had been found behind a hedge on the road between London Colney and the ancient City of St. Albans. Fingerprints soon identified him as Max Kassel, a former jewelry salesman, well known to the police of England and America as one of the heads of the international white slave ring.

This had the earmarks of a job done by somebody in the underworld, whose members are close-mouthed enough under any circumstances and this time it was impossible to make anyone talk. Everyone the inspectors questioned expressed indignation for that this "rat and double-cross" had been killed and they admitted they would not equal on the killer even if they knew him.

Max had boasted he was the inventor of the "sailor's bride" trick for getting respectable foreign women into England. This scheme, still in general use, is simply to bring an English sailor on an incoming steamer to go through the ceremony of marriage with the woman. This makes her an English citizen who can not be refused entry to the country.

There are many streets in London and the other big English cities peopled with these "brides" and Max was not known to have ever visited Little Newport Street, nor was there any reason to suspect the flat of Mrs. Naylor, a woman whose name was not among the thousands when the dead man had lapsed. Yet now just before the door was still locked, but the police broke it in, finding the place in disorder, with signs that papers, trunks and bed linen had been turned in stove and fireplace though no direct evidence of violence. Just one letter had escaped the burning because



Roger Vernon, the Murderer of "Red Max," and Suzanne Bertzon, on Trial in the Paris Court.

it had stuck in the top of a drawer. It was an important one for it gave the name of Marcelle Aubin, Mrs. Naylor's maid, and the address of the writer. Marcelle had not belonged to the underworld long and she made the mistake, when found, of trying to tell the Scotland Yard sleuths "white lies," that is, truths or part truths that would give a strong impression. Asked how the window got broken she replied:

"One of Mrs. Naylor's guests did it. He was taken sick and wanted air."

"Oh, well, that must have been Kassel," said the inspector, putting on his hat with a yawn, as if her statement had put an end to the questioning.

"Yes, it was Mr. Kassel," eagerly agreed the maid who had not heard that the white slave's body had been identified. But the inspector promptly took off his hat and before he was through Marcelle had told the whole story.

In the early part of the questioning, one of the inspectors stepped out, returning later with some photographs and a typewritten slip which the questioning inspector passed to read. Then he spoke rapidly:

"Now, Marcelle, about that French gentleman who called on Miss Bertzon often—where did he place his bag, gold-headed cane?"

"The maid could only creep at first but her eyes wandered to a corner of the room. Finally she stammered:

"Just before Kassel was due, Vernon sent us both down to the furnished flat below, to which somehow he had obtained a key, and ordered us to keep the radio going as loud as possible. My mistress and I did so until after twelve heard sounds of a subtle overhead, followed by several pistol shots and a fall. We waited until we heard any longer, went up and let ourselves in with Max's key."

"Nobody was in sight but a dreadful gurgling sound led us to the bath room. Max lay on the bathroom floor with blood flowing out of both corners of his mouth and Vernon was

better tell all you know about the murder of Red Max Kassel." Vernon seized Marcelle. These men seemed to read her mind or to know all about it, anyway. She was not aware that in her first, glib attempts to answer their questions she had accidentally called her mistress Miss Bertzon. Suzanne Bertzon was known to be a friend of the notorious white slave, Roger Vernon, who always carried a heavy gold-headed cane as a weapon of defense. The maid decided to tell all.

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After the Little Piece of Glass Had Led the Scotland Yard Men to the Apartment Where "Red Max" Was Murdered, One of the Women Present at the Time Told How in the Last Dying Effort He Had Thrust His Fist Through the Pane of the Window Before Being Dragged Away—But Although His Action Could Not Save His Life It Did Result in Revealing His Death.



"Red Max" Kassel, English White Slave, Whose Slaying Even the Police Thought More of an Execution Than a Murder.

sitting on the edge of the tub, watching him. As soon as Max saw us he cried out:

"Help! I am dying!"

"We can't do anything about that so shut up," Vernon told him, but Max moaned.

"Take me to a hospital. I won't tell who did it."

"You be you speaking, Vernon said. If you turned to me in pain keep quiet."

"Then he turned to us and asked if anyone was listening outside or seemed to have heard anything. Here we had time to answer Max roared up, pushing Vernon out of the way and lurched in the next room to the window crying for help."

"Just as the dying man reached the closed window Vernon leaped on him, caught his throat and hurled him back. But, with a last effort, Max managed to reach one pane with his fist, knocking off pieces of glass that tinkled down to the sidewalk. Max was dragged back into the bathroom and a minute later Vernon came out, saying that it was all over and for me to shut off the radio before anyone complained."

"When I came back Vernon was gone. I did not want to look into the bathroom and was glad to help Miss Bertzon turn up letters. After a while Vernon came in with a garage

man we knew, named Alexandre. The two men said nothing but carried sheets and blankets from the bed into the bathroom. Some time later they went out with a big heavy bundle which was so round that it did not look like a body.

"We were all through burning the papers when Vernon returned, with a small bundle of the bedclothes. These were bloody and had to be burned, too, which was hard, especially the blanket. Vernon had to go out and get some petrol for that. Just after daylight Miss Vernon gave me a month's wages and told me to hide until I should hear from her. I think they left soon after I did."

Marcelle thought they had gone to Paris, so Scotland Yard got in touch with their friends of the French Surete General who were able to round up the couple in a few days. Due to a quarrel between the two countries, these two French criminals could not be extradited but had to be tried in France under difficulties for the prosecution. Suzanne was acquitted but with the aid of Marcelle and the garage man, Alexandre, who told about disposing of the body, Vernon was convicted in spite of his story that the killing was done in self-defense.

"Though it was about as cruel a penalty as could be imagined, the prosecutor did not ask the death penalty on the theory that some sentence should be granted the killer of such an abominable character as Red Max Kassel. He was given twenty years' imprisonment, but went home partly from his vicious ways of living and partly because in prison they deprived him of the heroin he had been taking for years. He is said to be slowly dying."

A strange feature of the trial was the disappearance and supposed death of the witness Marcelle. However, it is strongly suspected that she is really hiding in hopes of escaping the vengeance of the underworld upon those who "put the finger" on any of its members. Another is the appearance of Miss Roger Vernon, her real and deserted wife of the murderer and white slave, who threw her arms around the indifferent prisoner as she begged the court's mercy for him.

And in the Saint Prison at Paris a man in a striped jacket raves about a little splinter of glass.

Carl Her Hearse, Paddock Her Grace, By Rick Mrs. Brown's Own Request



A Simple Farm Wagon, Drawn by Mules, Served as the Hearse for Mrs. Brown, Widow of the Famous Philadelphia Banker, at the Funeral Directed by Her Twelve-Year-Old Daughter. Note the Coffin Resting at an Angle.

Only a Small Group of Mourners Were Present at the Last Rites, Held in the Paddock, While Mrs. Brown's Favorite Mare, "Mindful," Stood By.



As the old wagon rattled over the rolling ground leading to the four trees many of the mourners frankly wept because of the simplicity of the scene and the sentiment that dictated such a grave dug between four pear trees. These had been planted by Mrs. Brown several years ago, when she had decided that she wanted her body to be laid beneath the ground where she had lived the happiest days of her life—with her horses.

Mrs. Aurelia Gladys Brown, of the Eminent Banking Family, Widow of James Crosby Brown, Photographed Several Years Ago While Attending a Hunt Meet.



The Grave Which Mrs. Brown Ordered Prepared for Herself, With Four Pear Trees Previously Planted Standing About It Like Sentinels.

Again the pallbearers approached the wagon and lifted out the casket, to place it on the device above the grave. "Mindful" whinnied and

twitched her ears, as though she were in her way, wishing her mistress farewell. The small knot of mourners gathered about the grave and the minister read a simple prayer committing the body to the earth. "Mindful" stood a moment between two of the pear trees and then followed the others to the house one of the finest estates in that part of the country.

MRS. AURELIA GLADYS BROWN, of Sugarloaf, Pennsylvania, was a woman of wealth. She was the widow of a wealthy banker and a horsewoman of national prominence. She was mistress of a large estate on the outskirts of Philadelphia. She died the other day and her friends supposed, of course, that she would be laid to rest after an impressive funeral befitting her fortune and her position. They hardly were prepared for the arrangements which Mrs. Brown had made for her burial, which arrangements were carefully carried out by her 12-year-old daughter, who was named for her mother and affectionately known as "Thistle".

Perhaps because she wanted it so, or because she thought it best to be conventional to a degree, a service was held for the spokeswoman in the Good Samaritan Church in nearby Paoli. But when the motor hearse bearing her body arrived at the gates of her estate, pallbearers removed the casket

"Chirps is a One Cat Bird," Upsetting the Rules



"Chirps," the Bird Chum of Blue, the Cat, With One of Its Claws on the Cat's Nose. Blue Did Not Long Ago, and the Linnet No Longer Is Interested in the Feline Tribe.

IF MIGHT be supposed that a bird which had once overcome its natural fear of cats and made friends with a "pussy" also inclined to be reasonable would have an amiable and trustful feeling for all cats. But, in the case of a linnet named Chirps—this is not true.

It was a little more than a year ago that Chirps and a cat named Blue became good friends in a strange place and in an odd way. The scene of their friendship was the Prison State Prison at Poole, California, and one lives in the murder cell and since then Chirps has had no use for cats. Whether this shunning of the feline species comes from a sense of loyalty to the late Blue or from an instinctive feeling that

other cats are not to be trusted is something that only the bird knows, and he's unable to explain the situation for himself.

The cat and bird arrived at the prison at about the same time. The cat, then a gangling, half-starved kitten, crawled under the jail's main gate and was adopted by a lifer who happens to be the prison photographer. Another lifer salvaged the linnet from a nest on the prison shop window and fed it with an eyedropper.

Before either of them was strong enough to do each other any damage the cat and bird were introduced to one another. No bones were struck although both were a little shy about making friends for a day or two. Trust replaced suspicion and

by the time the pets were well they were the best of pals and had forgotten completely that Nature had intended them to play the roles of the hunter and the hunted.

The inmates of the prison got a big kick out of the strange pair. Chirps used to ride on Blue's head, or perch on his back and during their friendly wrestling matches, pull the cat's whiskers with his beak. Blue sometimes put a step to such antics with a gentle swipe of a paw, but it was all in fun.

Sometimes when Blue was weary of playing games with the linnet, he'd stretch out on the floor and pay no attention to the bird. If Chirps was still in a playful mood he would scratch the cat's nose with a claw until the sport was resumed.

Chirps still lives in the prison print shop and has seemed lonely and less spirited since Blue died. Several attempts have been made to find another feline companion for the linnet, but the bird will have none of these substitutes for his departed pal. Chirps is, in other words, a one-cat bird.

Does She Own the Perfect USF Figure?

THE standards for a "perfect figure" have changed many times since the days of antiquity when the model who posed for the classic statue of the Venus de Milo was the ideal. There were periods during the Middle Ages when a woman not definitely on the plump side was looked upon by males as what might be called "skinny." The lords and peasants preferred their girls "well

plumped."

During the World War the vogue for boyish figures was born and flourished until after the armistice. And in recent years there has been a swing back to curves, but not to figures that are too much on the heavy side. Nowadays most of the so-called experts on "the form divine" also demand that a young woman have long legs and an athletic form that isn't so

muscular as to be masculine.

The young woman in the photograph at the right may not be entitled to the honor that has been heaped upon her, but in Hollywood, where there are good looking and shapely girls by the thousand, one well-known director who makes a specialty of looking over and picking girls for work in the movies believes this girl, Myra Bratton, possesses the best feminine figure in the country.



Miss Bratton has appeared in the chorus of many Hollywood musical films and although she never has starred, she has been a delight to millions of eyes because of the unusual poise and grace of her figure.

The director who singled her out for a distinction that so many women would give a great deal to have, says that he has studied, either in person or from photographs, something like 10,000 young women. Among so many it is impossible not to find hundreds of applicants who would grace any motion picture or stage production. But none of them, it seems, quite compares with Miss Bratton.

The man who chose to single her out for praise says that she has a remarkable poise and grace and that her beautifully formed arms and legs are exactly right for a torso that any Greek maiden of the old days would have been proud to own. And, in addition to these attributes "she is one of those rare persons who suggest controlled energy and speed with every move. In short she's lively as well as extraordinarily good to look at."

Backseat Driving in Toadville

HUMAN backseat drivers are a common commodity in this country, and there are thousands of them who can't resist advising the person at the wheel of an automobile when to put on the brake, how to handle the machine in traffic and out of it and make nerve-racking nuisances of themselves in general.

All backseat drivers, however, are not representatives of the human race as the amusing photograph below shows. The riders in this case are a couple of young toads that are traveling on the broad back of their pop-eyed mother. Whether they are giving her suggestions about which way and how often to hop is problematical, but it may be that they are incapable of expressing themselves or that, if they can communicate with their mother, they are depending entirely on her competence and judgment and doing no croaking about the way she's getting over the ground.

Diving from the rear seat, so to speak, is a familiar practice with many creatures. Young monkeys cling to the backs of their mothers when they are frightened or called upon to travel faster than they can move under their own power.

Possums are notorious backseat drivers a whole family of youngsters riding on the mother while they cling to her long tail to keep from falling off. Chickens enjoy this method of locomotion, too, and an old bird with one or more fluffy chicks roosting on her wide back is a familiar barnyard sight.

It is probable that these backseat drivers, however, leave the job entirely to the "operator."

Natural History Photograph of a Mother Toad and Two Youngsters Out for an Afternoon's Hop.



Chain Letters L B Family

THE chain letter craze that swept the country a couple of years ago was no innovation to the members of the Holcomb family, the branches of which are scattered over nine States.

Back in 1870 Henry Holcomb, now dead, adopted the chain letter idea, which probably had been tried out a regular long before his time—by a European exchange of letters with his six brothers and sisters after the members of the family had grown up and left the homestead near Ansover, Ohio. The letters from all the Holcombs were put together so that each member of the family received the entire lot and added a letter of his own.

The Holcombs have kept up the practice although there are a great many more of them than there used to be. A packet of letters is kept in constant circulation. Each individual

in the system sets down the news of himself and the members of his ménage. The one who receives the great bundle of correspondence takes out the one he or she wrote for the last round and contributes a new one. In this way the letters do not become so numerous that a postman can't lift the package.

Only two of the original seven chain-letter-writing Holcombs are alive today, but there are a great many cousins, nephews, nieces and assorted kith and kin to keep up the cover system. At the moment the people who swap regular correspondence live in Illinois, Kansas, Iowa, California, Florida, West Virginia, Maryland, Pennsylvania and Ohio.

What with the time it takes to read all the letters and write them, the packet of letters requires about three months to get around to all the Holcomb clan.

"Ladies, Keep Your Shoes On—Or See a Doctor"

Science Finds There Are 73 Ailments of Feet and 22 of Them Come

Mostly from Badly Shaped Shoes---
"Kidney Feet" Are Aptly Named, and There Are Even "Drunkard's Feet"



If a Man Had a "Worm's Eye View" Under the Theatre Seats He Might See a Forest of Legs With a Surprising Number of Women's Shoes in Various Positions Half or Completely Off the Feet. They Have Been Shed Unwittingly Because With Practice They Can Be Nudged Off and Wriggled Into Again Without Tying the Heels. Foot Doctors Say This Is Worse Than Bad Manners—It's a Sign of Bad Health.

The Perfect Foot Is One of the Greatest Rarities in Women. Miss Clara Houston, Whose Foot Is Shown Here, Won the Perfect Foot Prize at a National Chiropractic Convention.

"LADIES, keep your shoes on—or see a doctor," warned Dr. Joseph Lelievre, Director of the National Foot Health Council, "because if you have to take them off at the theatre, under the bridge table and in the restaurant, it may mean something more serious than common corns, bunions and over-tight shoes."

Dr. Harry Parker, Kennesaw, Ala., submitting 500 other foot doctors at the twenty-ninth annual convention of the Massachusetts Chiropractic Association in Boston recently mentioned fifty-one different diseases of the general system, which are usually first announced by complaining feet.

At the head of the list stands diabetes which is frequently discovered by the foot doctor or podiatrist, as he is now called. Also when a diabetic patient says "My feet are killing me," he, or more likely she, because the majority of foot-sufferers are women, may be telling the unexaggerated truth. Many diabetics are actually killed by their feet. The reason is that the diabetic's circulation is poor and the feet being the furthest from the heart, as well as the lowest and therefore hardest to pump back from, are the poorest served of any part of the body.

This does not matter so much in male patients because men's shoes are more sensibly designed to begin with and usually they will not buy a shoe that is too tight for them. At the theatre if one hears down and looks along the floor he will see a forest of legs and among them a surprising number of shoes in various positions, like little shipwrecks, but among these larks a man's shoe is a rarity.

For this reason it is the woman, with her tortuous feet, who most often has small breaks of the skin which would heal in the normal person but may cause gangrene, blood poisoning, amputation and death in the diabetic.

In those who have no systemic disorder, infections of the skin spreading to the bones so close below, often require removal of some of the bones of the foot. Sometimes this leads to bone cancer and amputation of the entire foot. Usually such misfortune begins with infections due to careless treatment.

There are "drunkard's feet," though the medical profession prefers to call them a "symptom of alcoholic neuritis." Anyway they are a warning to quit. A certain type of foot, swollen and rebellious feet is the result of eczema or "skinny trouble." The Negroes call them "kittie feet," a name that would be hard to improve. Tight, snug-looking feet, in the winter time may be nothing more than a mild attack of chilblains and then again they may be a symptom of the serious disorder of the system known as Reynaud's disease.

Some of the other maladies which cause a woman's feet to swell until her tight shoes become unbearable are heart trouble, abdominal tumor, cirrhosis of the liver, hookworm infestation. Mitty's disease, pernicious anemia and myxedema which is caused by failure of the thyroid gland.

Kitchen feet and shoppers' feet are names invented by women but they place the blame in the wrong place. If a woman is in the kitchen she stands

The "Sky-walker" Heel Throws the Body Forward and Puts a Strain on the Balance of the Body. The Resulting Bend on the Instep Is Shown in Contrast to the True Natural Position in Low-Heeled Shoes.

up and walks around all day, bringing on all sorts of pains and discomforts which she does not feel if she sits down or stays in bed. The real cause, however, is the high-heeled, light and otherwise cruelly-designed shoe she wears. She may not wear anything in the kitchen but makes or other loose-fitting slippers and still the pains will come on her. This is because she has abused her feet in the past until now she cannot stand on them comfortably in any footwear. Shopper's feet bring more than foot trouble, according to Dr. Kenyon, who says:

"Many women go shopping in a drowsy pair of shoes and, at the end of the day, their heads ache and spin. They believe it is the noise and confusion of the city, but more likely it is nervous exhaustion from pounding around on high-heeled shoes. They could sleep at ease and avoid coming home a nervous wreck by wearing a pair of medium-low-heeled shoes with rubber top lifts to absorb the jar from pavements and a yielding insole over the toes to prevent chafing."

"High heels do more than wreck the feet, they throw the entire body forward into an unnatural posture, causing a constant drag on the abdomen, pelvis and other vital parts of the anatomy. Getting down to the feet themselves the chief local damage is caused by throwing an undue amount of weight on the balls of the feet, instead of on the heels, the solid base Nature provided as the main foundation. This causes a dropping of the forward half of the arch, the most common form of arch trouble."

So that many women are crippling around on caricatures of feet is largely due to the mistaken pride of their mothers when they were in their teens, in encouraging light and strong shoes. If a mother inflicted such torture on a child in any other way it would reflect and the neighbors would take the cruel parent to court. But daughters accept this unadvised punishment, without a whimper and even with gratitude, as long as the shoes look pretty.

This is not true of all mothers. A conscientious and worried one brought in a three-year-old daughter and said:

"I have done everything in the world for this little feet and yet she is flat-footed. What shall I do?"

"Nothing," answered the podiatrist. "They are all born that way and they stay that way until after their fourth year, when Nature first starts to build the arch. The real structure of the foot does not really begin to take place until the tenth year. From then on until maturity the various little changes can be seen in stages four or

five months apart. By the time she is old enough to vote, if her shoes have been sufficiently worn, her feet are ruined almost beyond human aid."

"Dogs" is a slang expression for feet, but few women would be so mean to a dog as they are to their own feet in which the average person walks 85,000

miles from the cradle to the grave, or equivalent to about two and a half times around the world. After a woman has worn high heels long enough, her calf muscles tighten, with the result that if then she tries to walk or stand in flat slippers the stretching of the calf back to normal causes cramps. One might imagine that an operation or illness forcing her to stay in bed for several weeks would tend to correct this condition but it has the opposite effect. Her calves, being tucked in at the foot, press on the patient's toes forcing them downward and further shortening the calf.

After childbirth and other seasons in bed it is now becoming customary for the nurse to give foot exercises and massage-stretching massage. Most every parent as a matter of course, trains the child to tie out. Instead of being a good thing it weakens the ankle. It is an unnatural position invented by military drill sergeants to enable their soldiers to stand for a long time on parade ground, without swaying. Human beings should toe straight ahead, like the savage.

If abused feet cause headaches the head gets revenge often enough because caused infected tooth and tonsil disease, inflammation and enlargement of the feet joints. Social diseases, typhoid and other fevers also disable the feet. A rapidly growing problem is the highly-infectious disease which is caused by a fungus called the trinea trichophyton. It produces a form of ringworm and its present prevalence is due to the craze for swimming pools. The tiles around the pools and the damp floors all the way to the dressing rooms are thoroughly infected with the fungus. It has been found that even the hands of crowded bathing beaches often are in almost the same condition.

Even by wearing slippers all the way to the water, it is very difficult to escape infection. Once contracted the fungus is very difficult to be rid of permanently and there is danger of infecting other members of the household.

People who have never been where they might reasonably be exposed,



The X-Ray Photograph Shows How a High Heeled Shoe Throws the Weight of the Body on the Delicate Bones in the Ball of the Foot, Causing All Kinds of Complications as Well as Spelling the Shape.

The imprint of the baby's foot on the left shows how everybody is born with toes spread apart and plenty of room to "breathe." To the right is an adult's foot that has been cramped by ill-fitting shoes. So that the toes are deformed and a painful bunion has been formed.



The Perfect Arch, and Below It the "Flat Foot," Showing How the Foot Seems to Get Longer as a Result of Taking Up the Distance of Bone Formerly Covered by the Arch.

five months apart. By the time she is old enough to vote, if her shoes have been sufficiently worn, her feet are ruined almost beyond human aid."

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nevertheless get infected. Some of these cases are believed to come from shoe repair shops where every one's shoes are repaired on the same iron last.

High heels are not worn by men, except cowboys, who do little walking in them except when a horse breaks his leg. Neither do men run so much against nature by wearing light shoes. But they get extra from wearing shoes that are not the right length, width or shape. A shoe that is too small will cause corns from friction of the foot slipping in the shoe.

A shoe that will fit perfectly in mild weather over a thick sand sock may be too loose in the Spring over a thin silk one. In the same way a shoe bought in the Fall with thin socks will be too small over heavy ones later on. The fluids in some people's feet ebb and flow like the tide. They may be larger in the morning than the evening or the opposite, smaller some days than others. Such persons to be properly fitted really need a double outfit of everything. An old shoe is not necessarily the best for the foot. Turnover heels are side-runners and the easing is sometimes in the wrong direction, such as letting the foot press until the toes press against the front of the shoe.

When a woman takes the chiropodist, podiatrist that her feet hurt, he suspects her shoes but first he must look for signs of the 31 diseases that really do not belong to the feet before trying to do anything for the 22 that do. If there is diabetes he must be extremely careful about removing an ingrown nail or even a corn. He may find that the pain is actually in the ankle. Pain there may come from an unhealed fracture or sprain, a torn arch, a faulty posture, tuberculosis or arthritis. Leg pains and cramps may come from high heels, phlebitis, varicose veins, inflammation of the marrow of the bones of the legs, cancer, Buerger's disease or even too much golf.

Even the shape and size of the sock is important. A rather snug sock may just escape using any turn unless the sock is too long. In that case it may stuff the tiny space between the toes and the front of the shoe having the same effect as if the shoe were too short. Socks should not be pointed but shaped like the foot itself. To prevent ingrown nails the nails should be cut straight across, instead of curved and not too close. This means cutting often, but if one wants to get rid of skin mileage out of his feet without suffering, they are worth a little attention.

"Hammer toes" come sometimes in an effort of the toes to accommodate themselves to cramped space of a shoe that is too short or too narrow. Also they sometimes accompany flat feet. The collapsing of the arch flattens the tendons whose business is to curl up the toes. Bunions are the result of tight shoes, especially if they are also too short, throwing a strain on the first joint of the big toe. Nature, in separating, covers the joint with a membranous bag, called a bursa. This enlarges the joint and seems to do no good because it does not prevent the joint from continuing to be inflamed and becoming enlarged beneath it.

The young girls of today, with their sensible hiking shoes, have bigger feet but they are not so often badly deformed as the smaller ones of their mothers. However, some of them still wear shoes that are too narrow. As has been said, they are "feet of foot and flat of foot."

Deed Reveals "Perfect Woman"

A REMARKABLE life-long deception practiced by two women against the world was recently brought to light when the second member of this strange pair followed the first to the grave. The two women, who lived as man and wife for 40 years, were regarded by neighbors as a model and devoted couple. Had three children, all of whom are still living near Junction-Pine, on the Riviera.

But what death proved the "father" to be a woman, everything that on the surface appeared to have been a mystery without rhyme or reason was soon explained away by a diary which the "husband" had left with her lawyer. It was in 1887 in London, where the French girl, Camille Bertin, was working as secretary in the English branch of a French banking firm. One day, through the medium of a banking executive, she met Miss Hilka Mary Joan Scott, a Scotsman from Cambuslang. A mutual sympathy soon developed into a close friendship.

Both women had been tremendously affected by disappointments in love. Their overwhelming sorrow formed the tie which first bound them together. The more they discussed their grievances, the more they became man-haters, until finally they decided that as soon as they could afford it they would soon force, set up an establishment like man and wife, and establish a family by adopting some children.

Soon after this Miss Bertin came into a considerable fortune, and with it assumed the estate of manhood. She confided to the clerk as she bought new clothes. That she was doing it to "feed the boy friend." Then, accompanied by Miss Scott, "Monteur Bertin" left for the Riviera. There they filed the usual notices of intention in the French local town hall. In due course they became Monsieur and Madame Bertin, and settled down to a happy existence in the little coastal town of Junction-Pine. So efficiently did they make the man that at the end of six years the Bertins were the proud parents of three little daughters. But of course, they were only foster-children.

If the neighbors of the little family had any suspicions of its irregularity they might have noticed that the frequent entertainments at the Bertin home were attended only by women. But such a thought never entered anybody's head. M. Bertin was known as a pleasant, well-groomed gentleman who although he never joined the men of the town in any of their activities was always polite and affable to all. As husband and father he seemed almost ideal. In fact, his regard for his children seemed to be



The Masquerading Woman Confided to the Clerk That the Male Attire She Was Purchasing Was to Be Used to "Feed a Boy Friend," But It Fooled the Whole World.

carried almost to a fault. When they were small, his daughters were never allowed to play with little boys.

So regularly were the girls warned against men by both father and mother that they soon developed a dread of the masculine sex, to which their father was the lone exception. But how complete an exception he was not even they knew. Camille Bertin and Hilka Scott had succeeded in building a completely manless world.

They managed to perpetuate this world even after their deaths. When M. Bertin died, a year after his wife, his will revealed that his daughters were to receive the entire estate only on condition that they would never marry. The condition, however, is easy for the spinsters who wish for nothing better than a continuation of their present peaceful existence.

The will itself is not legal, because the courts repeatedly have decided that restrictions on future children is against public welfare. The girls, however, regard their father's will as law.

It is a curious fact that M. Bertin was never suspected of masquerade, even though he was often ill and required the services of several doctors. A lawyer, however, as executor of the will, has for years been in possession of the facts. M. Bertin long ago confided the secret to him, and gave him the diary which contained the data of the deception. This precaution was taken so that, in the event of some unforeseen discovery by outsiders, the truth of the case might be produced to protect the Bertin children from possible scandal.

The lawyer, faithful to his trust, has concealed everything all these years, until M. Bertin's death. This event occurred so suddenly that an official investigation was ordered, and when the police stumbled on the same lawyer was prompted to come forward to explain it.

The diary revealed that, as the name Camille is used by both sexes in France, there was no trouble about such contradictory papers as passports and marriage license. All M. Bertin had to do was to change the entry under "sex" in the birth certificate. The marriage was legal, so, in French law, what validates the ceremony is not the people concerned, but the papers presented.

The adoption of the three children were also regular, for the same reason. These adoptions were made credible to the neighbors by the gradual retirement of Miss Bertin before each "expectation" and the corresponding alteration of her figure, her ultimate departure for a distant and famous hospital, and her triumphant return with a new baby.

What might be called the final triumph of the determined pair is the fact that, while the discovery of Camille's original birth certificate made it possible for the local authorities to issue a correct burial certificate for a woman, the faithful daughters may at any time have "faded" long enough to be engraved with the words, "Camille Bertin, beloved husband" of the woman at rest beside her.

Don't Read the Newspapers, So He Fell Easy Prey to Crooks

WHEN Nicholas Mutton left England about 40 years ago, with \$60 in his pockets and no debts, it was less in anger than in sorrow. The fact that he could not find suitable work led him to try to make his fortune in Australia, and he did well there. By dint of hard work he added to his modest original sum until he became a wheat merchant of large wealth. Like so many fortune builders, he was too busy to read the newspapers.

One day, when Mutton, now 60 years old, decided he wanted a vacation. The jubilee celebrations in England were in progress, and he had long promised himself that he would attend them. He left his affairs, which were running smoothly, with his solicitor at Coalman, near Wages-Wages, an agricultural center in New South Wales.

But when he came to London, he found himself lost. He knew nothing, and nobody knew him. The people he knew in his youth were all moved or buried. It was no pleasure to be back alone. One day when he felt particularly lonely at Claridge's, an agreeable gentleman sat down at the same table. The man was friendly, and they soon struck up a conversation. Mr. Mutton was not averse to having somebody to talk with.

Still, he considered it proper to remain rather reticent until the other mentioned he had come from Australia. That proved to be more than Mr. Mutton could resist. Soon he was deep in conversation with the stranger, who introduced himself as Mr. Marshall. Marshall appeared to have had something of a colorful life, and his history, although he confessed he was not a wealthy man, was worth several million.

Mr. Mutton admitted he wasn't enjoying his home-coming as much as he expected, and that he was planning to leave for France shortly. Marshall was sympathetic, but suggested that they might first run over to Brussels for the international exhibition being held there. Mr. Mutton, glad for a traveling companion, agreed.

They left London for Brussels, and in a hotel there, Marshall "recognized" a well-dressed man with the appearance and manner of a banker, and suggested that they might first run over to Brussels for the international exhibition being held there. Mr. Mutton, glad for a traveling companion, agreed.

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A few days later, Marshall visited Mr. Mutton in great excitement, the trip had been a good one, he announced. They had cleaned up \$30,000 on the transaction and he was going now to collect the winnings. He returned a few days later. He told Mr. Mutton that the stock exchange authorities were asking for a deposit of securities as evidence of good faith. Only then could they collect.

Not a word did Marshall say of the stipulation he called unreasonable, but it was all rather inconvenient. But treachery or not, big money is not to be sneezed at. Mutton, however, decided not to do the banker's bidding from a friend in Cannes. After a while Mr. Mutton was persuaded that the profit was worth a little bother, especially as there seemed to be no risk. He called to a local agent to raise such a large sum in a hurry as the matter of a pretty sizable fortune, and it is surprising that one who had the wit to make it would so easily part with it. Certainly the newspapers keep telling of swindlers who get the confidence of gullible victims and then use that confidence to get money on some pretext or other.



The Victim Consulted the Doctor, and Then Sent a Wireless Message to Scotland Yard. He Resulted in Being Turned Out to Be "Marshall" of the Swindle.

WEALTHY "big game" hunters protected by guides and luxurious shooting equipment are in increasing numbers descending on the virgin forests of the Indian Archipelago.

Murder in the jungle is not new, to be sure, but boasts destroy each other only to satisfy hunger. Few species die of starvation in the delicate balance of the jungle laws. But the guns of "civilization" do not cooperate with these laws; the hunger of guns is insatiable.

It is to end this barbaric murder for amusement that the Dutch East Indies have arranged game preserves. Protection from annihilation will be given, and none too soon, to such formerly plentiful creatures as the orang-utan of northern Sumatra, and the scaly rhinoceros of western Java, not to mention the python and dragon lizard.

Others to be guarded from slaughter include the Sumatran elephant, the samang, gray gibbon, leopard, tiger, and panther, according to a recent bulletin issued by the American Committee for International Life Protection.

Following the examples set by the United States when it created the first national park in Yellowstone, The Netherlands Committee for the International Protection of Nature has long proposed a large reserve in Arnhem in north Sumatra, where the richest animal life of the Indian Archipelago still exists.

Under the new arrangement, guns need not be feared and rent is free for the animals just as nature intended. The forest is again a paradise, not for the hunters but the

other. But one must remember that Mr. Mutton was no busy making a fortune that he never had time to read the newspapers until he was ready to retire.

Not having been forewarned, he was not forearmed against the old multi-ethnic confidence racket, the continual success of which proves that the hardest part about a fortune is not getting it, but keeping it. Thus it was that when the draft was called to him, Mr. Mutton cashed it into banknotes which he turned over to Marshall. Naturally, that was the last of the "security" money.

When Marshall failed to come back, Mr. Mutton was worried and went to the financier, who made light of his fears. "I would all turn out all right, said Mr. Gilmour. He beamingly told the wheat merchant that he could safely follow his previous plans and proceed to Cannes after a trip to Paris. They would meet at Cherbourg in the liner leaving for the Dominion the following week. It happened, said Mr. Gilmour, that he was going to the United States and he might as well go by way of Canada and enjoy Mr. Mutton's company. He would have every thing straightened out by then. He made an excuse for Marshall, saying he had to go to the bank.

The heavy assurance satisfied Mr. Mutton. He felt that the matter was in safe hands. He was sent on with a lighter heart. But he was unable to find Gilmour, the financier. Perhaps the man missed the ship, he couldn't have forgotten his it, perhaps he was ill and unable to send word. So the waiting.

Mr. Mutton wired the Brussels hotel where the speculator lived. But that worthy had skipped town with no forwarding address. The liner was already two days out to sea when the victim finally realized that it was no accident that Mr. Gilmour was not on board. Mr. Mutton and his money were definitely parted.

He consulted the Captain, on whose advice he sent a wireless to Scotland Yard giving details of the racket. Then followed a wireless correspondence in which Mr. Mutton was begged to list the characteristics of the swindlers. But he did even better than that—he remembered his little black notebook.

In his hotel room, just as a matter of form, he had noted down 20 of the banknote serial numbers before turning the money over to Marshall. He still had that notebook; it was his only receipt, but it was enough. Banks were notified to watch out for these numbers, and soon the efficient detectives closed in on one Ernest James Slater, living in Scotland Yard.

He was the "Marshall" of the confidence trick gang, and \$50,000 still in his possession included several bills with numbers corresponding to Mr. Mutton's numbers. Slater was sentenced to three years for his part in the swindle, but Mr. Mutton was not satisfied. He swore to find the two others implicated by Slater at the trial.

Mr. Mutton's words as Slater left the Bailey dock in London to begin his prison sentence, were: "I can do a little sleuthing of my own and help Scotland Yard to get those other two. I'll not rest until they are caught." There were those who smiled to think of a man so easily taken in trying to help Scotland Yard. But less than two years after his assertion, Mr. Mutton has made it good.

A few months he had not rested in his search for the missing party in Berlin and northern Sumatra, but he was not forgotten. Now his self-imposed search is over and he is avenged. The other two men, giving the names of William Ryan and John Harty, have at last rounded up through his efforts alone. They were both tried at Antwerp in Belgium, recently, and each received a sentence of five years.

The black gibbon, or samang, for instance, was much hunted for its gorgeous and valuable jet fur. Now, however, is free to preserve the "diabolic" concerts and choral arrangements for which it is famed.

One urgent problem in the Indies was to preserve the orang-utan in a natural stage. Finest of the anthropoid ape, it lives partly in Borneo and northern Sumatra, unfortunately it inhabits the very area of the new forest preserve in Sumatra, and so has a new lease on life.

The great rhinoceros in Sumatra is almost extinct, but curiously enough its fate is largely the result of superstition among the natives. Legend has it that the horn, well as other parts, have magical powers over the human body. Poison drink is supposed to betray itself by foaming when put in rhino's horn.

Elephants in large numbers remain in Sumatra, but they too may soon be placed in reserve. Herd of the tropic into the valleys during certain seasons and are trapped there for their tusks. Officials estimate that more than 50,000 elephants are killed in Africa every year, it was such a slaughter that destroyed the American bison.

Another persecuted animal is the wild bear of Borneo, also known as the "moon-colored hog" and the woe of the Malay, but no poison has been afforded it as yet. Mite pig, but no poison has been afforded it as yet. Mite pig, but no poison has been afforded it as yet. Mite pig, but no poison has been afforded it as yet.

The clouded leopard, formerly in jeopardy but now protected for its gentleness and splendor. The clouded leopard is a hard which takes to eat its food in a delectable state. As it does no damage at all, it is now to be protected from hunters.

How The Poor Pay Taxes They're Not Taxed About

THE \$18-a-week laborer or clerk who owns no property pays \$116 a year in hidden taxes contained in the prices of the goods and services he buys, or twelve cents out of each dollar he earns, according to a twelve-months' analysis of the effects of taxes on prices, just completed by Northwestern National Life Insurance Company.

The mechanic or small department head whose \$150-a-month salary permits the operation of a used automobile pays \$229 annually in taxes, even though he owns no other property and is a family man exempt from income taxes. This amount represents about thirteen cents out of every dollar earned.

It is revealed that the "invisible" taxes contained in retail food prices average 7.1% in clothing, 8% in fuel and light bills, 9.5% in multiples and miscellaneous household items, 10.2% in Real Estate taxes gathered by the company, 2.64 percent in multi-family dwelling units in forty-eight cities reveal an average of more than twenty-five cents for taxes in each dollar of rent paid by the average tenant family.

The tax load on used automobile ownership and operation is over twenty per cent, the report states. Analysis of finance company client records shows that the used car of the average \$150-a-month worker was priced at \$150 when he bought it. If he drives such a car 6,000 miles and buys one new tire per year his car costs him, including depreciation, \$14.50 a month or \$174 annually to own and operate, of which \$34.52 or 17.4 cents non-five represents taxes. This figure includes car insurance and sales taxes on gasoline and oil, as well as hidden indirect taxes.

Taxes figured in the overhead costs of manufactured goods average 10% of wholesale price to distributors, the investigation found. Shipping costs are 12% taxes, local real estate levies comprise 15% of the rental overhead of the average retailer, and amount to six-tenths of a cent in the price of a dollar article on the counter.

Invisible but traceable taxes are more than 6 per cent of the retail price of bread over 8 per cent of the price of beef and 10 per cent of the price of sugar. The price of a man's suit of clothes contains over 10 per cent in taxes picked up in its travel from the back of the sheep to the back of its purchaser.

The report points out that the figures given represent only those taxes which can be traced and measured with a reasonable degree of definiteness, and that many small tax elements which could not be isolated and associated with any certainty were omitted. Therefore the percentages of



Like Invisible Claws Grasping at the Income of the Man Who Owns No Real Estate, the Hidden but Traceable Taxes Suck an Astonishing Portion of His Earnings.

contained taxes given above are less than they really are. In general figures the fact stands out that out of every dollar anybody spends about sixteen cents is grabbed for taxes. And this does not include any corporate and individual income taxes, excess profits taxes, estate, inheritance and gift taxes. Nor social security taxes because they are in a sense deposits for future withdrawal.

The table shows how taxes bite hardest in the poor man's dollar that he and his wife don't have, are robbing him.

\$60 MONTHLY INCOME				
Item	Cost per Month	% of Taxes Found in Cost	Amount of Tax in Dollars	
Food	\$25.00	11.1	\$2.75	
Shelter	18.00	25.3	4.55	
Clothing	9.00	8.0	.72	
Fuel and Light	6.00	9.5	.57	
Transportation (Streetcar)	4.00	11.0	.44	
Recreation	2.00	2.0	.40	
Insurance	2.00	2.0	.40	
Sundries and Miscellaneous	12.00	10.2	1.22	
Total	\$60.00	Av. 12.0%	9.67	
Annually	\$720.00	12.0%	\$116.04	

\$150 MONTHLY INCOME				
Item	Cost per Month	% of Taxes Found in Cost	Amount of Tax in Dollars	
Food	\$30.00	11.1	\$3.30	
Shelter	30.00	25.3	7.59	
Clothing	18.00	8.0	1.44	
Fuel and Light	11.00	9.5	1.05	
Automobile (Used Car)	14.50	20.1	2.91	
Recreation	3.00	10.0	.30	
Insurance	3.00	10.0	.30	
Sundries and Miscellaneous	27.00	10.2	2.75	
Total	\$150.00	Av. 12.7%	19.10	
Annually	\$1,800.00	12.7%	\$229.20	

The general idea is that it's the rich who have to pay the taxes. But the poor pay heavier taxes in proportion to what they can afford than the millionaires. The shop-gig, stenographer, factory worker, mill hand, farmer—everybody pays a whole stack of concealed taxes, but they are not told about them. Because they don't make other income tax blanks, they think they escape any burden from the reckless spending by the politicians.

Real estate taxes for instance—what have they got to do with a shop-gig or office worker? They own no real estate and no tax bill comes to bother them. The joke is on the landlord, they think he pays. Yes, he does, and it is passed on to the roomer or renter and the rent is one-quarter more than it would be if there was no tax.

How Playboy McCready Threw Away His Million

Reduced From a \$60,000 House and Palatial Steamer Suites to Boarding Houses and Buses, He and His Third Wife the Other Day Had to Go to Jail Because They Could Not Pay a \$20 Fine—But He Certainly Had His Money's Worth of Excitement

TWENTY years ago Harrison McCready, then nineteen years old, inherited about a million dollars from his father, but the other day, when a Pittsburgh Police Court judge fined him and his pretty, dark-eyed wife \$10 each for drunkenness, both had to go to jail because neither could raise \$20. One decade of playboy life had reduced this youth, now twenty-nine, and his third wife only twenty-one, to this extremity.

Playboy McCready's throwing away of that great inheritance involved many curious chapters, including a strange scene in court, where he got his friends to testify that he was a nit-wit and an idiot while his former wives and "other enemies" swore that he was a thoughtful, intelligent young man of high mentality.

This episode was in connection with his attempt to set aside a trust fund of \$150,000, which he had created for the benefit of his little daughter Peggy by his first wife at a time when there was still plenty of money in the bank. Later, when his funds were nearly all gone, he decided that he had been a fool and went to court to prove it. His claim was that he had been mentally incompetent when he parted with such a nice slice of his patrimony, in fact, had always been that way. As rather impressive evidence he recited the way he had thrown away the rest of it.

According to his own theory he was weak-minded when sober and out of his mind completely while intoxicated, which was most of the time. By undeniable documentary evidence he proved having been treated in various hospitals for alcoholism no less than fifty-eight times at the age of twenty-six years, and witness after witness testified to endless follies he had committed between seasons at the hospitals.

Counsel for the child did the best they could in the face of this mountain of evidence by putting on the stand his first wife and others, who swore that he was smart, quick-witted, of excellent mentality, quite capable of attending to his own affairs, but perhaps a bit playful and mischievous. Sitting among the witnesses he confidently drank whiskey from a bottle, and one day started a commotion in the courtroom that he had to be put out.

Though ordinarily getting drunk and starting a rumpus in the courtroom would hardly prejudice a judge in any litigant's favor, this one was trying to prove what an all-around idiot he was, and probably it was not a bad idea. Anyhow, the weight of evidence seemed to be in McCready's favor, and many things he might have seen his case had it not been for just one unexpected mistake.

On the day he was to testify in his own behalf, the young man appeared as sober as the judge himself, and everything went nicely as he listed his innumerable follies, the questioning of his able lawyer, Charles J. Margiotti, who is now Pennsylvania's Attorney-General. When he was turned over to be cross-questioned by the opposing counsel, that lawyer had the inspiration to begin by a few sarcastic quips.

To defeat such tactics all the witness had to do was to make slow and stupid answers, but McCready had spent most of his life uttering wise-cracks over a glass of whiskey and he had gotten pretty good at it. Now the implication was too strong to resist. He came back at the opposing lawyer with such quick and witty repartee that he seemed to make a monkey of the man and had the courtroom in gales of laughter, until finally the judge reminded the smart witness that he was injuring his own case by displaying a mind by no means unsound.

At this the playboy suddenly noticed the pained expression on the face of the only person who seemed not to be enjoying the fun, his own lawyer.



The Second Mrs. McCready, a Schooldays Sweetheart, Whom He Married Two Days After His Divorce From No. 1.



Playboy McCready Posing With a Whiskey Bottle as He Appeared at the Court Hearing When He Tried to Break His Daughter's Trust Fund.



The Riches-to-Rags Young Man and Honey Bee Keller, With Whom He Starred in a Burlesque Show in a Skit Appropriately Called "The Playboy."



"Mr. McCready appeared at the dinner party intoxicated," one of the guests testified at his Divorce Trial. "He pulled the table cover from the table and the dishes and food and everything went all over the guests."

Promptly he became a dumb-bell again, but it was too late. He lost his case.

A playboy must have his fun, even on the witness stand. McCready went out and celebrated his defeat with such enthusiasm that he had to be carted away to the hospital for a fifty-ninth treatment.

His first wife, who by that time had retired and become Mrs. F. Harrison Weiler, was naturally on hand to defend her daughter Peggy's fortune but his second wife had no personal or financial interest in the matter. She was on deck perhaps from resentment at recollection of his attempt to set aside their marriage on the very same theory that he would not have married her had he been in his right mind.

Two days after being divorced from his first wife, Harrison McCready had eloped to Cumberland, Maryland, with a childhood sweetheart, Miss Margaret Heasley. On the morning after the bridal night he awoke to discover his bride sleeping peacefully by his side and asked:

"How the devil did you get here? If you aren't careful you'll compromise yourself."

When the astounded bride informed him that they had been married the night before he denied all recollection of the ceremony and said he had not meant it and never would have done it if he hadn't been too drunk to know what was going on.

That statement assured a stormy honeymoon and a few months later he followed it up by suing for annulment on the same theory. The suit was dismissed and Margaret indignantly divorced him right afterword on the ground of cruelty, receiving a cash settlement of \$35,000. Rich playboys sometimes get off much easier in alimony penalties than do ordinary men.

The second Mrs. McCready heard an echo of that unflattering assertion during the trust-fund suit. Dr. Edward Meyer, eminent psychiatrist, quipped his playboy client as describing that strange awakening in the following words:

"I woke up in a Cumberland Hotel and saw this sweet, innocent girl there and I said, 'Why Peggy, what are you doing here?' 'Why, sweetest,' she answered, 'We're married.' And I said, 'I get up and look for a bottle then.'"

When Harrison came into his money, there was against him a long list of schools that had wearied of trying to educate him. However, this was no reason to think the young man would not "grow up" and be like other people. Therefore the next year Miss Margaret Long, daughter of Pittsburgh's highest society, did not suppose she was doing anything extra-hazardous in marrying him. He bought and furnished a \$60,000 house in the fashionable Fox Chapel section, but the bride soon found that marriage was not at all an advertisement.

One evening she fell mortified because her husband failed to appear for an important dinner party they were giving. Later when he did appear, she felt worse because he staggered in, yanked the cloth from the table and staggered out again. In Mrs. McCready's divorce suit, Alphonse Hunter, society golf star, testified as follows:

"Mrs. McCready was intoxicated. He pulled the table cover from the table and the dishes and food and everything went all over the guests."

Mrs. McCready's lawyer, Oliver K. Eaton, asked her, "Did you get any part of it?"

Grimacing, Miss Hunter said, "Yes, the turkey, in my lap."

Mrs. McCready, on the stand, told this story:

"Once at his father's home he just broke up the bedroom furniture and threw it out the window, and it was his father's furniture."

"How much did he throw out?" her lawyer asked.

"I threw it all out, dresser and everything, out of the second floor window."

Another time, she said, he brought home "a terrible character," and when she objected he buried her against the kitchen sink knocking her unconscious.

After a series of these happenings Mrs. McCready accepted his suggestion of going to Europe where Harrison thought he might do better. In Paris he vanished for three days until

the American Consulate induced the French police to search the city. They found him under a table in a Latin Quarter restaurant, more unconscious than Peggy had been under her own sink. He was carried away for one of those fifty-nine treatments.

After his wife had paid a staggering bill which he may or may not have owed.

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The First Mrs. McCready, Who Was Miss Margaret Long, a Social Registerite.

even offered to continue fixing his teeth, but Harrison would not take that chance.

In June of last year, Harrison announced that he was about to wed his third, Miss Patricia Marie Silvertooth, of Sarasota, Florida. Accompanied by reporters and cameramen the pair went to get the license only to receive a cruel rebuff. Clerk Bert Winters refused to issue any on the ground that medical experts at the trust-fund trial had shown that McCready was too weak-minded and forgetful to stand the strain of married life. The authorities at New Cumberland, West Virginia, however, were not so particular. The playboy and his bride whom he affectionately calls "Silvertooth" were issued one and promptly both announced that they wanted a drink.

A penniless playboy is a pathetic figure and by this time Harrison was almost that. The Union Trust Co. custodian of his shrinking fund, asked

the court to be relieved of what was left. This was \$1,248 in cash and the rent from that \$60,000 house. They were doing it out at the rate of \$75 a month, hardly enough for one upstartuous "house." For the rest of the month life became rather precarious. After his third marriage, Harrison persuaded the court to order the Potter Title and Trust Co. which was bravely carrying on where the other bank had quit to give him next month's installment in advance. The court warned him to make it go as far as possible. He did, managing to get arrested twice for intoxication before it was spent. He had been reduced from palatial steamers and hotel suites to cheap rooming houses and buses.

McCready was constantly in court for purchasing things and riding in taxis without means of paying for them. Though frequently evicted from boarding houses and sometimes getting barely enough to eat, this congenial couple seems always to have found enough liquor for their needs. One day Harrison, fortified by many drinks, stepped into the street to show a traffic policeman how to do his work right. Instead of being grateful, the cop arrested him.

Much to the astonishment of the Pittsburgh public, Harrison persuaded Mayor McNair to appoint him director of the new Homelessing Department, a housing project, at a salary of \$3,000 a year. The playboy celebrated with his first check so vociferously that the Mayor resembled the appointment. Later he was arrested for creating a disturbance at the dedication of the project.

Mrs. Silvertooth McCready has announced that she is an expectant mother. The wife of a playboy may always expect plenty.

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*Look no
further..*



If it's mildness you look for
take Chesterfields

If it's good taste you like
stop with Chesterfields... They Satisfy

Convicted in Spite of Character Witnesses

Eighty-five Eminent Personages Swore That Detective Ellis Parker and His Son Were Too Honest to Have Kidnaped and

Tortured Paul Wendel, But the Jury, Including Eight Women, Didn't Agree With Them—Nor Did the Judge



Detective Ellis Parker, Sr.; His Son, Ellis, Jr., and Mrs. Ellis Parker, Jr., Resting in Court Between Sessions and Smilingly Confident of the Outcome.

THE most impressive parade of character witnesses ever seen, 85 people of the highest standing in their communities, testified that New Jersey's star detective Ellis H. Parker and his son were such integrity that they could not do wrong. The jury listened respectfully to all those eminent personages, then disregarded every word they said and convicted the Parkers of kidnaping and torturing Paul Wendel until he signed a false confession to defeat justice in the Bruno Hauptmann case.

With pardonable pride, counsel for the defense laid stress on this, the largest array of character witnesses ever mobilized in a single case, and even Federal Judge William Clark reminded the jury that it had listened to 85 of them. Yet all their words, equal in number to those of a full book-length novel, might as well have been fiction as far as its effect on those four men and eight women was concerned.

Nevertheless it was not fiction. Nobody supposes that all those 85 were lying under oath. With one or two possible exceptions, they were sincere and the jury knew it. But the twelve had also listened to the hard facts presented by the prosecution which proved that this famous detective and his dapper son had actually committed the crime which they were supposed to be too honest to have committed. The jury, it appears, realized how little character testimony means.

The trouble with character witnesses is that they themselves are always such blameless persons for whom everyone puts on an angle of front of respectability. A man may be an out-and-out scoundrel. But his minister, if he goes to church, will never see that side of him. Or he may be a large-scale swindler, but in his relations with his own bank he is likely to be above reproach. If he gets a loan from the bank it will be on high-grade securities. These may turn out not to belong to him at all, but the banker does not know it.

The fellow may be planning to loot the community's main industry, but the muck croaker he has a "ready smile" and an engaging personality, and can always be relied upon for a check or an inspiring speech in favor of any worthy civic movement. A man may be a pickpocket in another part of town, yet make such a favorable impression on the policeman where he lives that the policeman will tell the judge that his friend's arrest must be a great mistake. It is almost as if the moving picture public should testify that an actress must be a good woman because they have always seen her in saintly roles.

However, character witnesses are dangerous, and not often used except in the case of first offenders, because their introduction permits the prosecution to spread before the court the prisoner's police record. A list of arrests, convictions and prison sentences is something no crook wants in his name.

The Parkers, having no such record to gain and nothing to lose by that imposing brigade of dignitaries, were Thomas A. Mathis, New Jersey's Secretary of State and its Assistant Attorney General, Robert Peacock, Elhan F. Westcott, former prosecutor of Camden County, State Senator Clifford R. Powell of Burlington County and many other unimpeachable dignitaries, including even a judge, Jus-



The Eight Women Jurors Who Were Not Impressed by the Testimony of the Eighty-five Character Witnesses, Although They Were Manifestly Sincere.

tice Percy C. Camp, of the Court of Common Pleas. It was absurd that such people as these could be in long and intimate association with anyone who could do what the Parkers were accused of doing. They brought out the senior Parker's brilliant career of forty-four years as detective and terror to evildoers and right then as Chief of Burlington County Detectives he was still enjoying the unlimited confidence of Governor Hoffman.

Not only had the elder Parker been honest with all these people but apparently he cared little for money. The editor of a labor magazine had offered him \$1,000 for a story about Hauptmann and "the real truth about the Lindbergh case," but he had refused it. Would a man who swerved this entirely legitimate plan commit a crime in which the cash profits were at least dubious? If the father was not guilty, the case against his son must also collapse.

Nevertheless United States Attorney John J. Quinn, in the course of that trial, nine weeks long, proved that the Parkers did commit the crime they couldn't have committed. But this was not enough to get a conviction. He had to show the motive for such Jekyll-and-Hyde behavior. To do this he was necessary to remove the mask the character witnesses had seen and paint a psychological portrait of the character behind it. This revealed a man who had been and probably still was a great detective, perhaps the equal of the New York ace, Felix B. De Martini, but with the difference that Parker's early successes had gone to his head. He craved fame and had such an exalted opinion of himself as to think he should have been placed in a supreme charge of the Lindbergh case. Had this been done he would have been happy and probably efficient.

As it was Parker seems to have fuddled around in the dark, neither better nor worse than the others, until Hauptmann was traced and caught through the ransom money. Though Parker was invited to give any advice or testimony he might have to offer, it was clear that he was not

to be the boss or play any but a minor role in the most celebrated case of his career. This was too much for his vanity he sulked, opposed and criticized the prosecution, first hinting and then publicly announcing that an innocent man had been convicted. He seems to have convinced Governor Hoffman of it and the whole world turned wondering eyes on the detective.

All he had to do to become the greatest sleuth of his time and perhaps of any time was prove his startling contention. He could look forward to the job held by J. Edgar Hoover as Chief of the G-men and a fortune from writing. Perhaps he had been tempted before when the evidence was lacking to manufacture it but this time the temptation was too great to resist. When at the last moment he turned up with the Wendel confession, exonerating Hauptmann it looked as if he was indeed the greatest sleuth that had ever lived.

Wendel repudiated his confession, which did not matter much because everyone repudiates confessions these days, but history repeated itself in another way. As so often happens when a policeman or detective turns his hand to breaking the law instead of turning out the perfect crime one would expect from such an expert, he had bungled it.

Parker had done such a crude job that Wendel was able to lead the authorities to the place where he had been confined and tortured. Parker's accomplices were caught and turned State's evidence. Ambition had made a fool of the man and against this fact all the character witnesses in the world were of no avail.

Mrs. Juliet B. Tuttle, of Larchmont and Fashionable Park Avenue, New York City, was charged with poisoning four dogs, and was convicted despite an array of witnesses. All of whom testified that she couldn't possibly do such a thing.

When Mrs. Juliet B. Tuttle, a cultured, genteel woman and widow, 65, of Larchmont and Park Ave., New York City, was arrested charged with poisoning four valuable dogs, almost everyone who knew her wanted to rush forward as a character witness. The accusation seemed so preposterous that it was almost funny. Of all the men, women and children in the United States, this nice old woman was the last person in the world who would hurt any animal. The authorities at Eastchester, N. Y., must be crazy.

It seems that there had been scattered reports of a dog-poisoner at work in various parts of the State nearly but last May when a black limousine, driven by a uniformed chauffeur, stopped on Interlaken Ave., Eastchester, and a sweet-faced old woman got out to get four dogs playing in a field, nobody thought anything of it. But Mrs. John E. Stewart, who owned one of the dogs, a setter, was interested when she saw the nice old lady give each dog a bacilli, get into her car and drive away.

A moment later, when one of the other dogs, a collie fell dead in the field and her own staggered in to die at her feet, she said she wished she had been



Paul Wendel, for Conspiracy in Kidnap. When the Parkers Were Convicted, Wendel Is Standing, With District Attorney Goughan, of Brooklyn, in the Basement of the Brooklyn House to Which the Parkers Had Him Taken, and Is Pointing Upward to the Room in Which He Was Kept Prisoner.

time and money generously to pick stray cats and dogs in order to find homes for them. How could they suspect such a person?

But the prosecution produced a few witnesses who knewed all that beautiful character into a cocked hat. Alvin Blout, a former chauffeur of hers, testified that she drove about collecting all the cats she could, often as many as thirty in a day, not to find homes but to put them into the lethal chamber of the Humane Society. He said that she always carried meat and salmon with her and that once she had seen her slip a capsule into a bit of fish which she gave to a cat and that the cat fell over.

Reuben Wolfert, another chauffeur who had worked for the old lady, testified that she had collected a handsome coin in the car "to give it a home" but when they got to the New Rochelle pound it had mysteriously died.

Mrs. Ada Ward said Mrs. Tuttle had told her of a drug store that made up poison pills for her that killed animals instantly. Another woman testified that she had entrusted Mrs. Tuttle with four puppies that were to be given good homes. Later when she asked where the pups were, she said Mrs. Tuttle replied that she had put all four in death before they were out of sight of the woman's house.

Mrs. Tuttle declared she had never poisoned any animal except a sick one, put it out of its misery, but she was convicted and given a fine of \$500, the highest that can be imposed for such a case, though on account of her age she did not receive the prison sentence that might also have been given.

The "Madame Foreman" of the Parker jury was Mrs. Anna Voghtlander, with a son of her own, 25 years old, one year younger than the defendant, Ellis Parker, Jr. This was exactly the situation which those who opposed women jurors prophesied would result in a miscarriage of justice. The mother, imagining her own boy in the prisoner's place, they said, would render a verdict on an emotional basis. Instead she and the others did their duty to civilization, but tempered it with a recommendation of mercy, first making sure that the judge would give such a recommendation due weight in his sentence which was six years in Federal prison for Ellis Senior and three for his son.

Judge Clark, sentencing them, remarked: "I personally don't feel that the testimony of character witnesses is important. But evidently the jury felt the same way."

Teaching Profes

Exacting Training of the Yo
Advertising Pages of the
Salons Disp



The Hands of Miss Dolly Gilrane—a Perfect Hand Model for Gloves or Jewelry.

WHEN Du Maurier, the English novelist, wrote his famous "Tribby" he drew the attention of the world to the artists' models in the art colony of the Paris Latin Quarter. But that was 40 years ago.

Models in those days posed in the studios for the strange, eccentric painters and sculptors of the art world—the only people who needed models. Late hours, frosty dress and the fear of getting fat concerned the models little or not at all. Most artists were poor and willing to overlook their faults because for a few francs, or a meal of bread and cheese, the Tribbys posed and often cleaned up the garret studio and mended the artist's socks, if he owned any. Artists and models were a happy-go-lucky, careless, Bohemian lot.

But today modeling is a skilled profession with many branches and specialties; the model's work has been commercialized. Shoes, stockings, hats, gloves, girdles photographed on models are introduced to the public in the advertising columns—if the photographs are skillfully posed the articles sell well. No shop or factory wants its merchandise displayed on a clumsy, untrained model. But the girl whose full length figure looks well in an automobile advertisement may not have hands that satisfactorily display jewelry or cigarettes, nor the right kind of lips and teeth for a toothbrush display. And so it is that there are various specialties.

The trained models of today have many things to worry about which did not bother their studio sisters of earlier days. Modeling is a young woman's job and she must keep her youthful appearance of face and figure—except for a few older women used for "matron type" poses. Thus it is that models, especially the photographic models, are careful about dissipation or late hours, which leave their marks. They must appear well groomed and give careful attention to their fingernails, shoes and the clothes they wear.

But there are compensations for these penalties of a rigid regime of life. A successful model is about the highest paid of all the working girls. If she is a clothes model she earns from \$25 to \$75 a week and may eventually become a buyer with trips to Paris to look over new fabrics and clothes. If she is a photographic model she may make from \$50 to \$150 a week—possibly a great deal more. There are instances where a manufacturer has paid a model \$50 for posing for his advertising and handed her an additional \$1,000 for not posing for his competitors.

There is always the possibility of graduating from modeling to the movies—several pretty, graceful models are now working in Hollywood studios at handsome salaries. And then, too, a Cinderella miracle may happen to her. Models are sometimes invited to smart places to wear fashionable clothes and have a chance to meet wealthy men—more than one attractive model has married a millionaire from such a chance meeting.

There are two quite distinct fields for models—the photographic models and the fashion models. To be a successful photographic model a girl must have the natural endowment of good looks. While skillful makeup and cosmetics may smooth over minor defects, there are always so many really pretty girls trying to get photographic modeling jobs that the less attractive are handicapped in this branch of the profession.

But fashion models are made, not born, and there are many more in this branch of the profession than among the photographic models. A beautiful girl who is much in demand as a photographic model may have no success as a fashion model. She may look well when posing in one position before the camera, carefully coached by the photographer or art director. But the instant she comes to life, she may lack the grace and skill required to be a successful fashion model. She may have cute dimples and lovely hair, but she may not be able to sit, stand and walk correctly, all of which a fashion model must learn.

Readers of The American Weekly are already familiar with the daily life of the photographic



Photos by Courtesy of Maxfear Mannequin Academy. The Right Way and the Wrong Way to Sit.



A Graceful Way to Sit.



Graceful Pose of Miss Dorothy Wilson, Who Is in Demand as a Hosiery Model.

models, which has been told in detail in these pages. But the fashion model must go through a more exacting training. During recent years, the demand for skillful models has become so great that training schools for models have sprung up in the fashion centers of Europe and America. In New York City alone, one of these schools which had an enrollment of 1,600 students in 1936, reported a registration of 3,624 in 1937.

Not all the students in these schools become professional fashion models, however. Some society and business women have realized that while they may be able to dance well, play a good game of tennis and pour tea satisfactorily, they lack grace in such elementary things as sitting, standing and walking. A woman may be attractive, possess an excellent figure and wear expensive clothes, but unless she carries herself gracefully the clothes which looked so well on the model at the shop where she bought them seem to have less style when she herself wears them.

All the skill of the best French and American dress designers cannot overcome the effect of an improper carriage or bad posture which make the wearer look as if her clothes were hand-me-downs instead of artistic creations. The mannequin schools point out that it is not clothes that make the woman but posture and bearing, and a young woman who has a graceful carriage, though she may not be able to afford expensive clothes, may have more chic than someone with a large wardrobe but bad posture.

The head of one New York mannequin school recently mentioned a woman of fashionable society who enrolled in a course to learn how to wear clothes. She came to the office wearing a dress that was worth probably \$250. Not only did it look as if it had cost about \$10, but it was unsuited to her hair and complexion.

"I could have sent one of my trained girls to a downtown store to buy a \$7 dress which she would wear so distinctively that it would look as if it were worth more than madame's gown," the instructress

said. "Nowhere else in the world are women better dressed than in America and yet the majority of them do not know how to wear their clothes to the best advantage."

Most women devote much care and thought to the selection of a dress, as any man who has ever gone shopping with a woman knows. But the attention which should be given to the proper wearing of that dress is so detailed, that model schools devote a major part of a course to it, especially if the student intends to make fashion modeling her business.

The first thing that a school for models does when a girl enters the office to enroll is to look her over carefully and take all her measurements. She may need reducing or building up. Nearly 95 out of every hundred will need some type of physical exercise to lumber them up so that they may walk, sit and stand gracefully, three important factors in fashion modeling.

Clothes manufacturers and wholesalers prefer that their models be rather tall, averaging between five and a half feet and five feet eight inches in their high-heeled shoes. Photographic models, because in most cases their pictures do not show their true height, may be much shorter. The measurements of the waist, hips, thighs and so forth are also considered in engaging a fashion model and so the student, in addition to her limbering up exercises, may have to take special exercises to improve some portion of her body.

Miss Dorothy Wilson, who last year was judged

"America's Venus of the Bill-board," most attractive of all the models whose faces and figures appear in the advertising pages of magazines and on posters and billboards.

is said to have the measurements which most nearly conform to what would be the perfect fashion model. Her measurements are as follows:

Height 5' 8 1/2" Hips 31" Foot size 3-B
Weight 122 pounds Thigh 19 1/2" Hand size 6 1/2"
Bust 34" Calf 12 1/2" Head size 21 1/2"
Waist 24" Ankle 8 1/2" Neck size 12

While the prospective student's measurements are being taken at mannequin school, she is also being studied by the experienced instructress to determine whether she has the personality necessary to make a successful fashion model and if it can be improved.

This is important because it has been found that personality in a fashion model is even more necessary than a perfect figure or a pretty face. The modern mannequin, by the very nature of her work and the showmanship with which she exhibits a dress, is a super-saleswoman. Although she doesn't write a sales slip or take the money,

Miss Joanne Nowha, Who Is Known as "The Perfect Fur Model."



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Miss Bonnie Clure, an Excellent
Outdoor Type of Model, Who
Has Specialized on Wearing
Sports Clothes.

But how do I lean the stairs
down at 10°? The easiest way is
to make the stairs go up 10° and
then turn them 180° and forward
so that the stairs which if
both feet were on a horizontal
level would seem to overlap the
front foot.

[illegible]

In a study of stress, birds may cross the legs of their nests as they do so. But it is not clear if they do so in a way that is predictable. The test was to see if the theory should also work with the bird.

The fact that some gulls are still flying the circle and resting the feet on the same side of the shoe is noted.

When the fingers slip, the hand is held lightly, holding the hand up. In reaching the hand helps as a hand or forearm is stretched out on the bent wrist. The fingers should point downward. This is the position commonly taken by the model when showing the toes. Another common posture is to clasp the hands loosely and grip each other in front, the fingers pointing outward and the palms facing each other.

After a student has looked at these things about him or herself, a teacher, body is a metaphor. It is a fact he or she has for him or her kind of makeup to use, and what others do not become that type. But there is still much to learn before she is allowed to shed the first dress before an audience made up of the instructor and other pupils.

There are four principal kinds of clothes which the fashion model is called upon to show in the business world. They are sports, afternoon, dinner and evening clothes. Each calls for a different degree of speed and showmanship in exhibiting them.

"Clothes have a mood," the student is told. "A model must not walk languorously across the floor in sports clothes the way she can in an evening gown."

"Speed in making changes and yet emerging looking completely dressed is also important and requires much practice. Many visitors at fashion shows have been surprised at the swiftness with which each girl slips out of one costume and into another and after one quick glance in the mirror

"In wholesale houses where the pace is twice as fast and where the difference of a few seconds

Continued on Page 18.



And a Slouchy Way to Stand



The Correct Way and the Wrong Way to Go Down Stairs. It Does Not Matter Whether the Right Foot or the Left Foot Starts Off First.



The Correct Way to Walk Up Stairs

from the customer she has more to do with selling the garment than anybody else. If she wears the dress interestingly, if she manages to make it look like a dress come to life on a live girl, the customer is interested in spite of herself whether she is just a woman shopping for her own wardrobe or a buyer collecting hundreds of dresses for a store.

After the student's personality has been considered and notes made as to possible improvement, she is checked up on the four main accomplishments which most American women seem to lack.

The first is the ability to wear clothes distinctively

The second is posture and the knowledge of what kinds of brasseries and girdles to wear to flatter the figure.

The third is sense of color harmony and appreciation of appropriate colors for a particular type.

The fourth is walking because most women bend their knees when they walk which makes them wobble and perhaps 40% of them walk pigeon-toed.

When the examination of the student is finished she is ready to start her course in learning how to wear clothes, but there is a lot to do before she is permitted to actually show how she would model a dress.

First she must learn to stand correctly, although she has been sitting, standing and walking for many years, she must now realize for the first time that to do these simple things right takes a lot of practice. The standing posture which she studies is to hold the feet straight without being tense and to keep the hips forward.

She gets into this position at first by standing against a wall, with her feet together and her arms and hands away from the wall and trying to make every inch of her spine touch the wall, putting her hand behind her neck to make sure it does. Then she sits slowly back under the body, her

She is now standing correctly and ready to walk. At this point the instructress reminds her that many women forget that the leg is joined to the body at the hip and there is a joint there. Most women walk from the knees and in order to balance their bodies over their moving feet, they either come forward head first with their bodies tipped from the waist and their hips lagging behind, or



Show How a \$250 Coat Can Be Modeled in Such a Sloppy Manner That It Looks Like \$25.



Miss Lynn Gillmore, a Student Model, Being Taught How to Walk With Poise by Balancing a Telephone Book on Her Head. (Photo from Mayfair Mannequin Academy.)



Miss Dorothy Fouts, Costume Model

ing become a graded sway from left to right.

There is another reason for keeping it. It holds the reader's eye on the page, so that he

ence. There is a fine distinction between showing a friend to a doctor and showing one placed chatting. The head being held erect adds the model to be impersonal, to look through and above the audience and to show her dress intimately without seeming to be brazen or flirtatious, before men buyers.

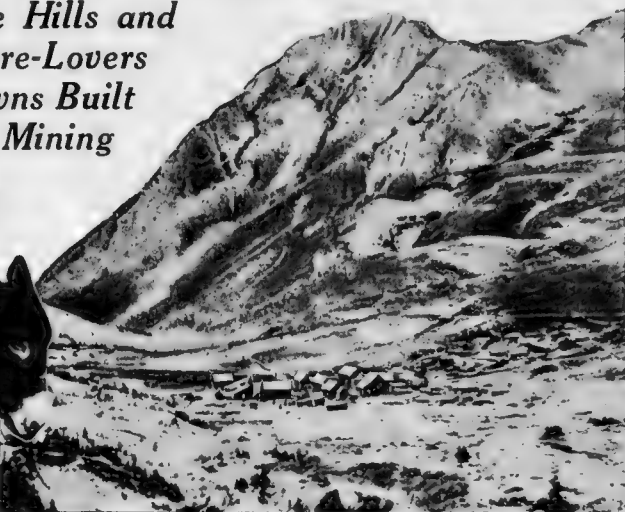
Because fashion modeling requires high-heeled slippers, she wears shoes of this type and, as she brings her foot forward, she learns the "mannequin step" in which the toe is pointed and placed neatly on the floor. This is quite different from the ordinary way most women walk—coming down on the heel with a bump.

As the model is taught to walk, she takes a step of medium length, keeping in a straight line and placing one foot directly in front of the other, with toes pointing out. Then, after some practice, a large magazine or a telephone book is put on her head and she is told to walk while balancing it.

she makes her keep her head up and helps her a graceful carriage. When she is able to own a long hall ten times in succession without dropping the book, it is considered that she has mastered the idea of how to walk.

student now learns how to walk up and down steps, and this phase of her training is quite important. Many fashion shows are held in salons which feature large staircases and, of course, the smart woman who goes to theatres and night clubs may have her entrance spoiled if

*Prospectors Streaming Back Into the Hills and
Winter Sports Enthusiasts and Nature-Lovers
Reviving Other Long Deserted Towns Built
During the Old Mining
Booms*



The Ghost Town of Alta, Utah, Deserted Since 1873, Which Has Been Bought by the United States Forestry Service and Will Be Converted Into a Winter and Summer Sports Resort

Many activity is growing at Silver Peak at Manhattan and is being run on city strangers and houses are a presence. Some travelers have to leave the Tonopah for overnight accommodations.

some of the most beautiful scenery in the world will be more available to such as the result of a far reaching United States Forest Service range and trail development program in the picturesque Sawtooth Mountains of south central Idaho.

fortune were dug out of the hills in the daytime and lost over the green cloth covered gambling tables at night. Then when the rich class perished, the Indian population dropped until it had fewer than fifty residents. When the old boom was at its height, few of

A six-gun was a man's personal "law," and the click of ivory balls in roulette wheels was an almost constant tune. Then the boom collapsed like a toy balloon and another ghost town took its place in Colorado's mountains. Dance hall girls left for more profit.

Now Jimtown has jumped in population from less than fifty to around

rowdy men washed ghost cities, stare
at dance halls where men who made
hookers laugh and fought and gaze
in awe at the still remaining scraps of
a town left on the old site where a
spray of dots once were gathered at
the turn of a card.

Some of the most important natural resources of the United States are found in the mountains. The mountains of the United States are the source of many of the country's rivers. The mountains of the West contain the highest peaks in the United States. The mountains of the West are the source of many of the country's rivers. The mountains of the West are the source of many of the country's rivers.

It is true that the combination of these factors—trappers, armed men, and the Chinese and natives—has helped to curb the deer hunting. In fact, even the deer hunting, and especially the deer hunting for gall or medicinal and valuable and occasionally for meat itself. The past hunting boom, first limited in 1888, and the population pressure from a host of Indian prospectors to a city of 10,000 in 1904.

At the time it was said to be one of the worsted camps of the region, and fortunes were dug out of the hills in the daytime and lost over the present cloth-covered gambling tables at night. The deer hunting was also a part of the Indian population dropped until it had fewer than fifty people. When the old boom was at its height, few of

The Weather Is So Warm During Part of winter's Skiing Season at Alta That the "outsman" can Glide Across the Snow without hot Ann Kers, Socks and Skis—Sunburned While Doing So

[illegible]

It is the first time that the two nations are at the top of the list of the few competing states of the rest of the world. It is the first time that they are doing well to separate many of the most famous and excellent of the world's leading nations from money and power. It is the first time that the United States is the top of the list of the world's leading nations.

This year-Go modern- Go CHEVROLET!



NEW HIGH-COMPRESSION VALVE-IN-HEAD ENGINE—Much more powerful, much more spirited, and the thrift king of its price class.



NEW ALL-SILENT, ALL-STEEL BODIES (with Solid Steel Turret Top and Unisteel Construction)—Wider, roomier, more luxurious, and the first all-steel bodies combining silence with safety.

You'll get a lot more satisfaction out of owning the only low-priced car with all these modern advantages! And you'll also save a lot more money by driving the only low-priced car that combines such great power with such remarkable gas and oil economy!

*Knee-Action and Shockproof Steering on Master De Luxe models only. General Motors Installment Plan—monthly payments to suit your purse.

CHEVROLET MOTOR DIVISION, General Motors Sales Corporation, DETROIT, MICHIGAN



PERFECTED HYDRAULIC BRAKES (with Double-Articulated Brake Shoe Linkage)—Recognized everywhere as the safest, smoothest and most dependable brakes ever built.



IMPROVED GLIDING KNEE-ACTION RIDE* (at no extra cost)—Giving what millions of Knee-Action users say is "the world's safest, smoothest ride."

It pays to buy
The Only Complete Car-Priced so Low

A black and white illustration of a man and a woman in a forest. The man is kneeling and holding a small object, possibly a book or a box, while the woman looks on. A dog is visible in the background.

of his engagement

*The Driver of the White Car That Had Flown by
Dusk Was a Girl With a Mop of Golden Curl
in the Wind.*

Him in the Flying

You do my driving a great injustice, Mrs. Talbot, but we'll let that pass. The truth is that on the way down I was passed by the fastest car I've ever encountered off a

Having passed the first few days of his engagement

File(s) Not in Backlog No. 11 L

Outsells All Others-



on Proof!

FRIGIDAIRE WITH THE METER-MISER

SLASHES COST OF KEEPING FOOD SAFER

...while making Ice Cheaper than you can buy it!

ONLY FRIGIDAIRE
gives you these important
advantages

The METER-MISER

Cuts Current Cost to the Bone

● Makes *seconds* of cold on a mere trickle of electricity. Thus it freezes more ice, *faster* — keeps food safer, fresher, longer... yet cuts current cost to the bone — even in hottest weather! Simplest refrigerating mechanism ever built! Only 3 moving parts, including the motor. Runs quiet, trouble-free year after year. Built and backed by General Motors. Protected for 5 years against service expense. Visit your Frigidaire Dealer and see an actual electric meter test prove Meter-Miser's lower operating cost!

Only Frigidaire has it!

ALL-METAL QUICKUBE TRAY
Releases Ice-Cubes Instantly

● Ice freezes faster in metal trays than in trays made of any other material. And every tray, in every Frigidaire, is a fast-freezing All-Metal Quickube Tray with the Instant Cube-Release. Releases ice-cubes instantly, two or a trayful, as you need them. Yields 20% more ice by ending waste and nuisance of melting ice-cubes loose under a splashing faucet. See and try this amazing new ice convenience at your Frigidaire Dealer's!

Only Frigidaire has it!

9-Way Adjustable Interior — Adjusts like magic to suit any size or shape of food or container. Includes a

- 2-Way Frozen-Storage Compartment
- 2-Way Cold-Storage Tray
- 3-Way Sliding Shelf
- 2-Way Multi-Storage Section

Only Frigidaire has it!

Food-Safety Indicator on outside of cabinet door — Gives PROOF — at a glance — of Safety-Zone Temperature inside the food compartment.

Only Frigidaire has it!

Automatic Tray-Release — Releases the ice trays from the freezer compartment at the touch of a finger!

Only Frigidaire has it!

F-114 — The Safe low-pressure refrigerant.

Only Frigidaire has it!



SEE YOUR FRIGIDAIRE DEALER'S SENSATIONAL PROOF-DEMONSTRATION

Shows you how to buy — how to save more money — how to avoid disappointment

● Frigidaire is sweeping America! Showing hundreds of thousands what to look for, and how to buy their new refrigerators. Showing them how to save money, avoid regret.

Proof always wins! You can't beat it! And every day thousands more are buying this safe, sure way. They're buying Frigidaire with the Meter-Miser on undeniable proof of the greatest refrigerator value ever known. Establishing Frigidaire, by a wide margin, as the largest-selling refrigerator in all the world!

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that has guided so many to complete refrigerator satisfaction. Ready to show you Proof that Frigidaire, in practically every locality, makes ice cheaper than you can buy it for home use. Proof that Frigidaire keeps food safer, fresher, longer, even in the hottest weather.

See This Money-Saving Proof

See this Proof now. Proof that the Meter-Miser — simplest refrigerating mechanism ever built — cuts current cost to the very bone. Proof that Frigidaire with the Meter-Miser saves enough to pay for itself, and pay you a profit besides!

Proof that Frigidaire's new All-Metal Quickube Trays are the greatest ice convenience since the first Frigidaire. And Proof that Frigidaire, made only by General Motors, assures dependability that will guard your savings year after year.

Greater Ice-Ability! Greater Storage-Ability! Greater Protect-Ability! Greater Depend-Ability! Greater Save-Ability! Frigidaire gives all of them to you and your Frigidaire Dealer proves it! So get this completeness in All 5 Basic Refrigeration Services... Frigidaire costs no more than you would pay for an ordinary refrigerator. Buy Frigidaire on Proof!

FRIGIDAIRE DIVISION General Motors Sales Corporation • Dayton, Ohio

★ MADE ONLY BY



GENERAL MOTORS ★

The Cowbird House by S. Andrew Wood

(Continued from Page 16)

the cigarette in Virginia Craig's mouth lit her friendly face. Just as the wheels crunched forward, the door opened.

"I'm coming with you," Peregrine's voice said. And I'll have that ring back please, Lovelady. The show's over."

"Yes," Lovelady said. "It's here."

The ring had to be wrenched off and left her bare finger stinging. Silently the car glided out of the gateway and before long the lights of the town were crackling about them, as they slid into the courtyard of some big hotel, Lovelady opened the door. She gripped Peregrine's arm and shook him over so slightly, feeling it necessary in some way, to awaken him.

"I can walk from here. Maybe I get home without leaving one of my slippers behind, but they're not mine—I forgot. Neither is this frock, nor this cloak. They won't think I've stolen them, will they? No, I'm not coming with you. I'm not."

"Did anybody ask you, Lovelady?"

Something sharp as a lightning stroke struck Lovelady, then, as she saw the helpless hunger upon Peregrine's cold, cat-like eyes of the Garret, whom she had thought impervious to all women. It filled her with terror and pity. Not for herself, but for him. She said:

"You're in love with her, aren't you? She doesn't care a jot for you. She never will. Do you know that?"

A deep flush passed over Peregrine's face. He smiled icily. Something rustled in his hand.

"Your fee, Lovelady," he said.

"In case my mother forgets. She's absent-minded and hasn't realized you've got your living to make. I'll tell her you've been paid."

He was gone through the massive crystal doors with Virginia Craig on his arm. Lovelady, with the notes crumpled in her hand, walked out of the courtyard.

"That's the latest, Guy?"

The head of Peregrine's the famous art dealers of London and New York, rustled a cigarette in his fingers, and looked across at his son with a weary smile. In silence he thrust the flimsy over to the younger man, watching closely and a little anxiously.

"The boy's interest in Peregrine's was lukewarm. It was seldom he came into that splendid room behind the rear of Piccadilly."

Men talked respectfully of Peregrine's Galleries the world over. It was the main liaison office between Europe and America for all the rare and precious things that rich men and famous museums buy. But this son of his seldom dived there. Perhaps it was because he was the son of the little mother, who loved living and palatial things.

Received from Peregrine's, one Giovanni Bellini picture entitled, "The Weeping Virgin." With thanks, Signed Olympia.

"Short and sweet," Peregrine remarked.

The other nodded.

Handed in at Paris, you'll observe. His last police receipt came from Corsica after he'd got hold of a seven-branched candelstick which was being shipped to us. Lord Bledlow did not hide his chagrin. "The man seems to be getting a super crook should be yet. I don't believe he's even educated. Olympia! This time, one of the



And Then He Was Gone Through the Crystal Doors With Virginia Craig.

coaches of the Simpson Express—the one which happened to contain our man Wickham, and The Weeping Virgin was detailed. The lights went out. When the excitement was over, and the lights were on again, the picture, packing case and all, was gone. Wickham got here early this morning. The Italian police could do exactly nothing."

"This is the fourth big haul he's had from you, isn't it?" said Guy Peregrine. "Clever devil, whoever he is."

"Yes, the fourth. The insurance companies are beginning to shy at Peregrine's. And the loss in reputation—well, it's bad. And it may grow worse."

The old man's mouth tightened.

"He must run a gang—this Olympia. I'm sure of it. A new sort of master-criminal, Guy eh? Where he finds the market for his stolen goods I can't think. You can't meet up famous pictures. Or it may be some half-crazy collector on the other side of the Atlantic. Like Ed Richberger, the Chicago millionaire who gathered three million dollars' worth of Fra Angelico's built a monastery for them on Michigan Avenue, and lived among them as a hermit and shaven friar, with his doors triple-barred. When the depression came over there and he was dying, he set fire to the whole lot and burned himself up with them. This Olympia may be of that breed. I don't know. Neither do the police. Does the mystery interest you, boy?"

"A lot," Peregrine flushed a little. "This Olympia man didn't manage to bag that Goya picture you were purchasing for the New York Metropolitan Museum—The Banderilla's Daughter—did he?"

"That's safely on the premises here at any rate. Who, do you ship it across to America?"

"Soon." The head of Peregrine's sent a curiously-veiled glance at his son. "We shan't ship it, my son—in the usual way. The Banderilla's Daughter is an nearly priceless as anything can be nowadays. I'll be smuggled into the United States behind some less valuable canvas."

drug, lapped him with happiness and misery.

His name was spoken. A man touched his sleeve. Turning, Peregrine saw the antique-dealer Thicket. He stood there quietly, a cherished smoking between his two fingers and said very gently:

"I was waiting for you, Mr. Peregrine. I want to ask you, as man to man, if you know where my niece, Lovelady is?"

The question was abrupt, but dignified. It was not an anxious guardian, yet from one gentleman to another.

Peregrine started.

"I haven't any idea. What makes you think I have?"

"I'm sorry Thicket's bright blue eyes gazed back unflinchingly.

"Because I'm not sure of your friendship with Lovelady, Mr. Peregrine. Pardon me if I say that I've long known the Honorable Guy Peregrine, the son of Lord Bledlow, and Mr. Peregrine Guy of Soho Square, were one and the same person. It wasn't the close secret you thought it. A harmless and amusing way of breaking the ice, but you and I agree, but as Mr. Peregrine Guy was friendly with my niece, who has left home and completely disappeared from my knowledge, I thought Mr. Guy Peregrine might be able to allay my natural anxiety."

"Steadily said. But he can't," answered Peregrine curtly. His face was hardened. "I think of blackmail," Lovelady, 814 111 waters."

"Thank you," said Jeremy Thicket.

He raised his hat in Continental fashion, gave the charming smile which lifted his right eye, glanced above the hidden cut in his cheek, and was gone.

CHAPTER V.
Virginia's Apartment.

COCKFOOT'S MEWS was agitated with lighted windows, like a colony of doves' houses, but Virginia's apartment was heavily curtained. Hours before her mother, old Zoe Craig, had been carried off by her luncheon upon some nocturnal duties. If Virginia were in, she would be alone now.

Peregrine, hesitating on the pavement outside the brightly-colored door, heard the crash of a single dissonant chord from a piano within, followed by a muffled sigh. He had never experienced what crude jealousy was until that moment. It came like a slap of wicked pain.

"You fool!" he told himself. "This won't do. Go away."

He stayed there on the pavement outside the door of Virginia's flat, uncertain whether to enter, a very miserable young man, indeed. Mechanically, as he stood, he watched a taxicab that dived to the curb. From it a girl stepped and ran lightly to the apartment door, which was ajar, for Cockfoot's Mews was a happy family which did not lock its burglar-proof door. If Virginia were in, she would be alone now.

He was in the small paneled hall, himself, with its old grandfather clock and antique glass, a moment later. What he saw filled him with astonishment. The visitor who had run in before him stood poised tensely, outside the closed door of the lighted room, listening.

Something about the heliostroke cloak she wore was familiar. He could have sworn that it was the same cloak which he had seen on Lovelady Brant a few nights before. Though it was certainly not Lovelady.

Then the piano crashed again, and again the deep guttural of a man's laughter followed. The girl thrust the door open, and Peregrine glimpsed something between her fingers.

"Look out there!" he called out in sharp warning.

He leapt into the brightly-lighted room and the man at the piano swivelled in his seat, swinging to his towering height as the girl ran across to him. His hands trapped hers. The moment was one of melodrama.

"Destiny!" he shouted, laughing uproariously. "See, the gypsy's revenge! Drop it, you little wild kitten, before I twist your hand off!"

He held the girl, like a bird, and the small knife fell with a tinkle to the piano-keys as she struggled. Very negatively, the man picked it up, and pecked it.

He sat straddle-legged on the piano-stool, his silver-blond, loose head tilted in amusement and his face, pointed and handsome, wrinkled in mirthful laughter, a vast, dangerous boy looking out upon the world from behind the finely-sculptured mask of a man.

Peregrine, watching him with loathing, knew him. He was called Brian Macartney, and in Dublin he was known as Brian Born, painter and genius and general disorderly bohemian.

"Sit down, Destiny, you dimwit!" he said, grinning. "Excuse my Roman, Virginia, I love to air it. You've met this child of the red-haired woman who stood, rather pale, with a cigarette crushed in her hand."

"What a fit name! I wish I had struck her first. She's not so strong as you, Brian Born."

"Virginia!" The girl's smouldering eyes went scornfully to the red-haired woman who stood, rather pale, with a cigarette crushed in her hand.

"Miserable little bawler. You'd have swung by the neck upon the gallows, then, and all the gossies would weep over your beauty when they saw your picture in the newspapers. I told you to sit down, Destiny. Did you hear me?"

"Hello, Guy!" Virginia said. Her color was returning and her glance at Peregrine was elusive, beneath lowered lashes.

Destiny Lovell sent the denigrating Macartney a long look that seemed to come from behind bars, as if she had been some caged and bewilderment animal. Her speech held a touch of soft brogue that told of Ireland, but her eyes and her tawny skin were gypsy.

"You're my devil," she said amiably. "I must obey you. You'll be telephoning to the police and I shall be brought up at the police court and charged with

trying to kill you. Though I meant only to mark you, to cut your cheek open, with such a wound as that seller of old pictures, who comes to see you, has beneath his beard. That Thicket, Lovelady's uncle. To put my mark upon you, however, many other women you may love, was my idea."

She laughed quietly, her head with its tawny curls like a bronze aster above the cloak which Peregrine had last seen upon Lovelady Brant. The police will make yet another experience I'll be gaining. You promised me many. Do you remember, Brian Born?

That night when the moon was red over the Twelve Bens, and

you and me sat among the bog flowers watching it while my Rye were looking for us everywhere. Ah, the pictures you drew?"

"Poetry!" said Macartney, in lightly-shocked tones. "It isn't done, Destiny. Not in company. As for drawing pictures—I'm an artist, my dear. Virginia, may Miss Lovell take her farewell?"

"This is a ridiculous scene," he flashed a cruel smile,—"which I would have avoided if possible. You had dozens of them with Destiny. But you're not used to them."

"She sounds interesting. Don't send her away yet," Virginia said.

(Continued on Page 18)



WHAT PRICE POPULARITY?

Thousands and thousands of women everywhere have discovered that the secret of popularity—of every man's admiration—lies in the hair. If you are BLONDE, MARCHAND'S Golden Hair Wash will make you so. If you are BRUNETTE, MARCHAND'S will make your hair shine like a star.

MARCHAND'S GOLDEN HAIR WASH

FREE! Charles Marchand Co. 521 W. 23 St., N. Y. C. N. Y. C. Please send me a FREE copy of Hair Wash to test. I enclose a stamp for postage.

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Address _____
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Public interest was aroused by safety parades, by 500 safety broadcasts, by daily newspaper reports of traffic court proceedings and more than 700 safety talks. Meanwhile, revised traffic laws and special safety training for police officers strengthened law enforcement. At the same time, compulsory car inspections and detailed

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Time after time, local safety movements have cut the death toll. Each one means more people left sound of limb—perhaps you, your wife or your child.

Will you work for safety in your community? Will you help to organize an effective safety program? One way to start is to write for the booklet "How to Promote Community Safety." Just mail the coupon.



SUPPORT YOUR LOCAL SAFETY MOVEMENT

High Point, N. C. cut Traffic Deaths 64% during 1936

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Please send me, without obligation, a copy of your booklet, "How to Promote Community Safety."

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CITY _____ STATE _____

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FROM TRIPS LONG AND HARD
POOR OIL SHOULD BE BARRED

IT FORMS SLUDGE THAT TAKES TOLL OF YOUR CAR AND BANKROLL

SO SIPSIDE THIS GAMBLE
USE PENNZOIL AND GAMBLE

BONDED PENNZOIL DEALER
100% Pure Pennsylvanian

PENNZOIL

Safe Lubrication

(Continued from Page 17)

do and are offended. Why run this foolish risk when you can make your breath sweet, more wholesome, and agreeable, by simply rinsing the mouth with Listerine Antiseptic? Use it morning and evening and between times before social and

...cavity, lined overcoats
...breath odors. You know your
...own's effect).

...Lester Pharmaceutical Co., St. Louis, Mo.

LISTERINE
Checks Halitosis



and trim fakes who pose for the advertising of shoe, hosiery and other manufacturers. Although their faces are never seen in the advertisements and in some cases are not attractive, nevertheless

BEAT 1 egg until light and add 1 cup milk and 3 tablespoons melted butter. Mix and sift 1½ cups flour, ½ cup cornmeal, 3½

ice, chopped peanuts and well-seasoned mayonnaise. Well-seasoned cold slaw may be substituted for the peanuts and lettuce. Serve ice-cold with swirls of mayonnaise.

Dr. Scholl's
Put one on—the

Zino-pads
pain is gone!

and are offended. We run this foolish risk when you can make your breath cool, more wholesome, and agreeable, simply rinsing the mouth with Listerine Antiseptic? Use it morning and evening and between times before social and

advertising of shoe, hosiery and other manufacturers. Although their faces are never seen in the advertisements and in some cases rarely are attractive, nevertheless

(Foot Exaggerates Out-of-Door.)

BEAT 1 egg, until light and add 1 cup milk and 3 tablespoons melted butter. Mix and add 1 1/4 cups flour, 1/2 cup cornmeal. 3/4

well-seasoned mayonnaise. Well-seasoned cold cream may be substituted for the peanuts and lettuce. Serve ice-cream with swirls of mayonnaise.

Dr. Scholl's
Put one on

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SEALTAP
SEALTAP is an absolute waterproofing and caulking compound. It is used on roofs, gutters, chimneys, and on all other places where water leaks. It is easy to use, and it is the only material that will hold water out of your house.

SEALTAP
The Absolute Waterproofing Compound

SEALTAP
The Absolute Waterproofing Compound

SEALTAP
The Absolute Waterproofing Compound

Goodbye FRECKLES

Said for this time of a freckled life. Leave her skin freckled easily - how her honey freckles made her so lovely. Now she is up to the top of her head with a clear, smooth, and beautiful complexion. She purchased a jar of **Stollman's Freckle Cream**. Used it nightly. Her skin was clear, smooth, and beautiful.

Write - The Stollman Co., 100 West 42nd St., New York, N. Y.

Free
Stollman's FRECKLE CREAM

FOR ITCHING SKIN

Are you suffering from an itching, burning, irritated skin? There is no need to fret. For 30 years **Zemo** has brought relief to millions of sufferers. Because of its two ingredients, **Zemo** actually cools, soothes and relieves the itching of Eczema, Simple Eczema, Pimples, Blisters, and all other skin irritations promptly. Buy **Zemo** today. All through the year.

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FALSE TEETH

That Refuse to "Stay Put"

When nature, each one, is replaced by artificial teeth, the firm ridge on which the teeth are mounted, is not a natural part of the mouth. For 30 years **Zemo** has brought relief to millions of sufferers. Because of its two ingredients, **Zemo** actually cools, soothes and relieves the itching of Eczema, Simple Eczema, Pimples, Blisters, and all other skin irritations promptly. Buy **Zemo** today. All through the year.

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FOR SKIN IRRITATIONS

FALSE TEETH

CORNS Go-

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ONE NIGHT CORN SALVE
Get quick relief at the toe for with this time-tested remedy.

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MALE EXTRACT

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BLUE RIBBON MALT
America's Biggest Seller

Serve a Substantial Vegetable Plate

By Mrs. Christine Frederick.
The Distinguished Authority on Household Efficiency.

begin with, as every skilled cook is aware, green vegetables must be cooked with care and understanding. Their distinctive green color which makes them so attractive to eye and palate fades as soon as the green is lost. To preserve the color, the first law of good vegetable cookery is to keep green vegetables green. To do this, by dropping them into rapidly boiling water to "set" the color, and by NOT putting on a lid, thus preventing the volatile oils to escape and not to fail back to darken the cooking vegetable.

Again, almost all green vegetables require fat of some type to lessen the "fodder" quality of their fibrous tissue. The fat may be butter or margarine, olive or cottonseed oil any fat, indeed, which will give the needed richness.

One of the best ways in which to add the fat is this: boil or steam vegetables in the usual way until nearly finished. Drain off the cooking water except about 1 cup of the liquid. To this add several tablespoons of cottonseed oil, cover the pot, and return to cook over lowest flame. Turn the vegetable several times. By the time it is cooked, the oil will have been nicely absorbed in, with great increase of flavor. Salt may be added at the same time.

Another point in regard to vegetable cookery is that many of the water-cure vegetables, while delicate in flavor, gain immensely by having a strong-flavored sauce poured over or used with them. Thus a tomato sauce, a mushroom sauce, or a brown sauce gives favorable quality to such vegetables as brocc, eggplant, cauliflower, spinach, etc.

The sharp acid tang of tomato gives an excellent contrast to many of the bland vegetables, and its bright rich color adds immeasurably to the eye-appeal of the whole dish. For example, try a starchy tomato sauce poured over ordinary slices of fried eggplant, and see how "brightened" is the effect of the dish.

Brown sauce for this special vegetable flavoring use may be made quickly from bouillon cubes dissolved in hot water, and slightly thickened, or a few drops of Worcestershire, mushroom ketchup or special table sauces dissolved in water will give similar results. The special vegetable sauces of which there are several on the market, also provide good rich dark color and body, and a meat-like or gray quality to the vegetable.

For example, try a dark brown vegetable sauce on boiled carrots as a change from "white sauce." And while wines are more suitable for toning up meat dishes, there are unsearched possibilities of using white wine and the light red wines in flavoring vegetables. Try a little claret or cooking sherry added to mushrooms.

Mention of mushrooms brings up the fact that they are one of a flavoring in themselves, and that the addition of a mushroom sauce to practically any vegetable makes it into the epicure's choice. Broccoli with mushroom sauce or fried tomatoes with a cream mushroom sauce. So much for flavor.

And now for suggestions as to how to increase the heartiness or substantial quality of the vegetable plate.

Cheese is the big answer, not only because there are so many kinds of interesting cheese, but also because it is a concentrated protein food, and a small amount

Appetizing Menus for the Week

By Mary Lee Swann

MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY	SUNDAY
Breakfast Cereal, Eggs, Toasted Custard, Marmalade, Coffee.	Breakfast Dried Rice, Pineapple, (Prepared Dish Before), Cereal, Poached Eggs, Luncheon Relish.	Breakfast Orange Juice, Cereal, Fruit Toast, Apple Butter, Milk or Coffee, Luncheon Relish.	Breakfast Cauliflower, Cereal, Boiled Bacon, Cereal, Pancakes, Coffee.	Breakfast Rice, Peaches, Whole Grain, Cereal, Salt-Cooked Eggs, Milk or Coffee, Luncheon Relish.	Breakfast Steamed Rice, Whole Grain, Cereal, Salt-Cooked Eggs, Milk or Coffee, Luncheon Relish.	Breakfast Lemon Juice, Whole Grain, Cereal, Salt-Cooked Eggs, Milk or Coffee, Luncheon Relish.
Luncheon Lemon Juice, Whole Grain, Cereal, Salt-Cooked Eggs, Milk or Coffee, Luncheon Relish.	Luncheon Lemon Juice, Whole Grain, Cereal, Salt-Cooked Eggs, Milk or Coffee, Luncheon Relish.	Luncheon Lemon Juice, Whole Grain, Cereal, Salt-Cooked Eggs, Milk or Coffee, Luncheon Relish.	Luncheon Lemon Juice, Whole Grain, Cereal, Salt-Cooked Eggs, Milk or Coffee, Luncheon Relish.	Luncheon Lemon Juice, Whole Grain, Cereal, Salt-Cooked Eggs, Milk or Coffee, Luncheon Relish.	Luncheon Lemon Juice, Whole Grain, Cereal, Salt-Cooked Eggs, Milk or Coffee, Luncheon Relish.	Luncheon Lemon Juice, Whole Grain, Cereal, Salt-Cooked Eggs, Milk or Coffee, Luncheon Relish.
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American Weekly Pattern

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WAKE UP Mary!

It's a grand old world and you're missing it

YOU'RE a pretty girl, Mary, and you're smart about most things. But you're just a bit stupid about yourself.

You love a good time - but you seldom have one. Evening after evening you sit at home alone.

You've met several grand men who seemed interested at first. They took you out once - and that was that. WAKE UP, MARY!

There are so many pretty Marys in the world who never seem to sense the real reason for their loneliness.

In this smart modern age, it's against the code for a girl to be a maid, either to carry the repellent odor of stagnant perspiration on clothing and person.

It's a fault which never fails to carry its own punishment - unpleasant. And justly. For it is a fault which can be overcome in just half a minute - with MUM.

No bother to use MUM. Just smooth a bit of MUM under each arm - and slip into your dress without a minute rest. No waiting for it to dry, no rinsing off.

Use it at any time; harmless to clothing. If you forget to use MUM before you dress, just use it afterwards. MUM is the only deodorant which holds the Textile Approval Seal of the American Institute of Laundering as being harmless to fabrics.

Soothing and cooling to skin. You'll love this MUM, since it soothes your tender arms and use it at once. Even a sensitive skin will love it.

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Don't let neglect cheat you of good times which you were meant to have. The daily MUM habit will keep you safe. Bristol-Myers Co., 630 Fifth Ave., New York.

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It takes no weather prophet to forecast our glorious days and romantic nights for the girl who knows the enchantment of Dier-Kiss Talc. Protect feminine loveliness with a precious film of this exquisitely scented imported Talc. Cooling and refreshing. Dusty underthings and stockings slip on easily.

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No, I SAID CUT-RITE!

CUT-RITE
CUT-RITE keeps food fresher

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MUM TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

GOODYEAR CRACKS SOARING TIRE PRICES WITH NEW SURPRISE TIRE "R-1"

Read how vast engineering and production facilities of Goodyear were swung into action to relieve pressure on purses of millions of drivers who want First-Class Travel at Reduced Rates!

Sudden upping of Materials and Labor Costs tests Mettle of Rubber Industry's Leader and Proves Again the Ability of World's Biggest Tire-Maker to Deliver

EVERYBODY knows that prices are on the rise—everything going up. Labor higher—materials, supplies, production costs all soaring!

That's what makes this surprise tire-value story doubly welcome to millions of car-owners.

Because Goodyear met rising prices head-on—and smacked them with one of the really big tire values of all time, AT THE PRICE YOU'RE USED TO PAYING!

We didn't duck the challenge

Real champions never side-step a challenge. And at the first threat of climbing costs, higher prices, Goodyear went into high gear to whip it.

Months ago the Goodyear engineering and development staffs with the leading facilities, resources and talent in the tire industry—sailed into this problem, to make brains and ingenuity offset the soaring figures of manufacturing costs.

And how they did it! What a tire they produced! Big, tough, packed with value, good solid thrift built into every inch of it—no wonder the great new Goodyear "R-1" is the tire-sensation of recent years!

They used every lesson of long-wearing, economical tire construction

learned in building more than 23,000,000 Pathfinders—applied the great principles of safety, sure traction and amazing mileage from the famed "G-3" All-Weather—most popular tire in the world.

That's another brilliant example of why Goodyear is the leading name in rubber!

Look what your money buys

You don't have to be a tire expert to see that this husky, handsome new "R-1" has what it takes.

There's plenty of brawn to that massive tread—12% more rubber—to give you more mileage, longer wear. It's a flatter and wider tread to give you more road-contact and traction. Shoulders that are higher and wider hold truer on curves.

In this new "R-1" you get every one of the great, proved, top-notch Goodyear features. Center traction—the Goodyear Margin of Safety. Wider riding-ribs for easier steering and slow, equalized wear. More non-skid diamonds.

And in every ply, the maximum blowout protection of patented Supertwist Cord!

Look at this great new "R-1"—and see for yourself how far Goodyear is out in front—with tops in quality at the bedrock low in price. So you can ride on the leading make of tires, with solid national reputation back of them, at the price you're used to paying—"first-class travel at reduced rates!"

Your nearby Goodyear dealer, or Goodyear Service Store, has the new "R-1" in your car's size. Go take a look; and forget about rising prices—as far as your new tires are concerned!

**LOOK AT THE
VALUE IN THIS
GREAT NEW**

"R-1"!

Here are some of the safe-mileage, big-value features which you get at this new low price because Goodyear facilities and experience have no equals in the whole tire industry:

FLATTER, WIDER TREAD

gives you more road-contact, more traction

12% MORE RUBBER IN TREAD

gives you longer wear, greater mileage

HIGHER, BROADER SHOULDERS

gives you more "hold" on curves

CENTER TRACTION

gives you the Goodyear Margin of Safety

SUPERTWIST CORD IN EVERY PLY

gives you maximum blowout protection

HANDSOME, STREAMLINED SIDEWALLS

give your car smart, modern looks

Remember—
THE CHEAPEST THING ON YOUR CAR IS THE BEST TIRES YOU CAN BUY!



SWELL NEWS for millions who want tires on which they can "ride with pride"—tires with real nation-wide reputation—THE leading make—at the price they're used to paying!



THIS PICTURE SHOWS THE GOODYEAR LINE-UP TODAY

"G-3"
Greatest safety and mileage money can buy

"R-1"
Gives you first-class travel at reduced rates

SPEEDWAY
Lowest possible price at which a good tire can be built

GOODYEAR

MORE PEOPLE RIDE ON GOODYEAR TIRES THAN ON ANY OTHER KIND